

The GUARDIAN

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In Philadelphia

THE GUARDIAN

a monthly journal of life, art and letters published in Philadelphia

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Leo Auerbach is a contributor to Hebrew and Yiddish magazines.

Herschell Bek is a New York poet who has appeared in the *Liberator*, the *Wanderer* and elsewhere.

Chaim N. Bialik—born in 1873—ranks among the greatest of Hebrew poets of modern times. His poem "In the City of Slaughter", written after the Kishinev massacre, perhaps his bitterest work, made him famous overnight. His works have already been translated into Yiddish, Polish, Russian, German, French and Italian.

Hal Borland is a young Coloradan at present residing in New York. He is the author of *Tipi Tales*—the poetry and lore of the American Indian.

Babette Deutsch needs no especial introduction. She is well-known to American readers both as poet and critic, having appeared in such magazines as *The Dial*.

Paul Eldridge, a former Philadelphian, is author of "Vanitas", "And the Sphinx Spoke", and "Our Dead Selves". He has contributed to *The Broom*, *Poetry*, *Smart Set*, *Double Dealer*, *Stratford Journal*, *Lyric West*, the *Reviewer*.

David N. Grokowsky, former editor of *Caprice*, is a member of the Four group of Los Angeles.

William Gropper is famous for his caricatures that have appeared in the *Dial*, the *Bookman*, *Pearson's*, the *Liberator*, *Smart Set* and numerous other journals.

Alfred Kreymborg, the American troubadour, is the author of *Mushrooms*, *Plays for Poem-Mimes*, *Blood of Things*,

Plays for Merry Andrews, *Puppet Plays* and *Less Lonely*. He was the editor of "Others" and "The Broom".

Albert Mordell is the author of "Shifting Literary Values", "Dante and the Other Waning Classics", *The Erotic Motive in Literature*, "The Literature of Ecstasy", and editor of the recently issued collection of Lafcadio Hearn's work, "American Miscellany."

Gorham B. Munson was the founder of *Secession*, which included such important writers as Hart Crane, Waldo Frank, Kenneth Burke, Ivor Winters, E. E. Cummings and John Hall Wheelwright. With the publication of *Waldo Frank: a Study*, Mr. Munson definitely placed himself as the ranking critic of the novel as an art-form.

Isaac L. Perez—born 1851, died 1915—is the father of modern Yiddish literature. He was the foremost exponent of Yiddish—and the teacher of almost the entire younger European-Yiddish group of writers. Known as poet, short-story writer and dramatist, his influence is felt in the remotest corners where Yiddish is spoken, written and read. The works of Perez have been translated into Russian, Polish, German, French and English.

Joseph T. Shipley, contributing editor, is well-known as the translator of Baudelaire's *Poems in Prose* and Gerald's "You and I". A. and C. Boni have just issued his translation of "The Naked King" from the French of Albert Ades.

Allen Tate is a member of the significant Fugitive group of Nashville, Tennessee, and acted as managing editor of "The Fugitive" until recently. Mr. Tate has contributed poetry to *Folio*, the *Double Dealer*, the *Wave*, the *Reviewer*, the *Modern Review*, *Voices* and other journals.

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JACOB HOFFMAN, *Business Manager*

The GUARDIAN



NOVEMBER 1924

The Guardian

Waldo Frank, writing from New York, finds "the fact that it (*The Guardian*) emerges from Philadelphia *exciting*," (The italics are Mr. Frank's).

It would seem that enough justification for another periodical is excellence. Of excellence there is never too much. But the world must have its questions answered, and their implications. The Guardian replies.

It will be vivacious, it will be *exciting*, it will be "honorable company" (to quote Bernard De Voto, author of *The Crooked Mile*). Certainly it is no capricious accident that Philadelphia should be voiceless and slumbering. Is Philadelphia a city without culture? Its musical life is well-nurtured. Or a city of culture without an expression? Or a cultural city with the will-to-failure?

You walk among those who claim for themselves intellectual curiosity—in Philadelphia. You broach intellectual adventure, intellectual initiative, a voice-giving, an awakening. You are told not merely that Philadelphia sleeps, but that "Philadelphia is *dead*". Who has slain her? The critic is not always exempt. If Philadelphia is inert, we who complain of this inertia have also caused it.

There is no reason, however, to look upon this city as dead. Perhaps it is the sleep of the virtuous—if coma is virtue. Voice must be given her, and wakefulness. There is movement in small cities, in Richmond, in Winchester, Mass., in Northampton, Mass., in Santa Fe: all these boast of aspiring journals. And it is because of these alert "voices" that life does not jell there.

Other cities are interested in this enterprise of the Guardian. The "intellectual slum" awakes from slumber. Once Philadelphia artists ran to New York and London to be listened to, to be heard. Now they may be heard while they are not yet breathless from migration.

Yet this is no attempt to isolate cultures, if there are such entities as civic cultures. It is an attempt to be no longer suburban to Cosmopolis. To initiate for oneself. The Guardian's

contributors will include artists and thinkers whose common qualification is authenticity, but those tints and forms are many. So that the Guardian will be an authentic pattern of many colors, vibrant and dynamic.

The Guardian will be active in its search for talent. Other journals have discovered artists by having artists discover them. The Guardian has already uncovered genuine new forces.

The Guardian will be comprehensive, endeavoring as much as possible to interpret and add to life. In this endeavor, it will not overlook—as other journals have done—the contributions being made by minority groups in this country and elsewhere, and the intimate concerns of these minority groups, wherever they cast sun and shadow upon the concerns of the world. Of such group is the Jew. The literary journal publishes translations from the French and the German and the Bulgarian. One or two occasionally publish a story translated from the Jewish or the Hebrew. Of course, there are Jewish journals dedicated to the advancement of Jewry, but they are circumscribed, chauvinistic or High Church. A journal of culture that definitely accepts the minority group in its worthier, manifestations as contributor to its pattern is, we think, unique and important.

This, in an undetailed way, is *The Guardian*. It holds meaning for every intelligent person in America and abroad. It will have variety, the spice of life, and excellence, the meat. It asks for the sympathetic and critical epicurean of thought to enjoy it.

Mexico and Crimea

Mexico and Crimea — countries of two separate continents, distinct in climate and in culture — have been suddenly brought into the Jewish limelight as by a magic touch. Not since the memorable days of the Uganda affair has there been a cause for so much discussion in Jewish circles, here and abroad. Mexico, because of the invitation which President-elect Calles has extended to Jewish emigrants from Eastern Europe to come and settle the almost deserted and devastated prairies of the country. The Crimea, because it has become the most important factor in the rehabilitation of Jewish economic life in Russia.

The opening of the Crimea to Jewish colonization is not, like the Mexican proposal, a mere invitation, not a gesture of compassion, but a strenuous effort on the part of the Russian Government to provide four million of its citizens, who are on the verge of starvation and ruin, with a livelihood. The Jews, who prior to the revolution belonged to the middle-class, suffered most by the overthrow of the capitalist system in Russia. The abolition of commerce and private enterprise has ruined them economically, scattered them throughout Europe in search for bread; and those who had not the means nor the good fortune to escape suffered famine and ravage. The Jewish problem in Russia has become one of a large number of internal problems that must be solved if Russia is ever to stand upon her own feet again. A Jewish colonization of the Crimea is but a part of the program which has been devised for the rehabilitation of Russia; a solution of but one of the many problems that confront her.

The opportunity to solve the problem of Russian Jewry should be accepted by us in good faith. There seems to be, however, a tendency in some Jewish quarters to look upon this project with suspicion. There has arisen an antagonism against the "Jewish Distribution Committee" because it has appropriated four hundred thousand dollars to the Jewish colonization of the Crimea, an enterprise that is already under way. Why this opposition? The replies are many and characteristic. "Our nation lacks unity, not only in its efforts to establish a Jewish homeland in Palestine, but also in its offers of immediate relief to the war and pogrom-stricken Jews in Europe. The relief funds are exhausted and contributions are growing scarce. Is it wise for a people to disperse its energies over so wide a field? To carry on many enterprises, and in many lands? Is it not more advisable to concentrate our efforts in the direction which promises greater advantage? In Palestine, for instance, where in the course of twenty years according to Dr. Weizman — we could secure a peaceful habitation for millions of Jews Sacrifices? Yes. Has it not been the lot of every people to bring sacrifices in the process of its making, so that future generations may reap the fruits of its labor? Let this then be our last sacrifice!"

Against such arguments we can but quote the warning of Dr. D. Yochelman, the Jeremiah of the recent Carlsbad conference, who in the midst of the discussion thundered: "Remember, should this continue, Russian Jewry will be exterminated in the course of twenty years, and not a soul will be left to tell the story of our great shame!" Four million beings exterminated in twenty years! Is it not rather too big a sacrifice for our generation? Who dares to sanction this without a tremble?

The Jewish colonization of the Crimea will go on in spite of all opposition, for the four million Russian Jews will not be foolishly sacrificed. Crimea will become the resting place and the stepping stone for those Jewish idealists who have bent their thoughts and set their hearts upon the restoration of Palestine. Theirs will be a great service — to preserve the four million Russian Jews for the future Jewish state in Palestine.

* * *

We wonder whether Senor Calles does not already regret

his invitation to the Jewish emigrants. This proposal is by far not too popular with the Mexicans and Senor Calles' kindness to the homeless Jewish wanderer may cost him his prestige. History is not devoid of such instances; many have paid dearly for their humane feelings toward the Jew. Senor Calles is already coming into disfavor. A recent issue of a Spanish newspaper published in Tucson, Arizona, a publication by and for Mexicans, contains an article "Calles and the Jews." The writer does not hide his antagonism to the President's proposal and to the Jews. He begins with the well-known "We are not friends of the Jews"—a phrase so characteristic of anti-Semitic sheets in the Middle Ages. This article carries a ferocious attack upon Jews, an attack that even the bitterest of their enemies in Poland and old Russia would be proud of, and concludes by threatening Senor Calles and the Jews. If a Mexican newspaper published in the United States disseminates such hatred, what is the prevailing feeling in Mexico? This and the everlasting internal restlessness and instability of the Mexican political situation leads us to view with some disfavor the advisability of a Jewish colony in Mexico. To enter upon such a venture would be to erect a structure on quicksands — and Jews have learned by bitter experiences the consequences of such experiments.

Anatole France

Anatole France, the idyllic, the sensual, the sceptical, the sympathetic, the Christian, the pagan, is dead. "With his long, whimsical, Pan-like face, and his sorrowful, dark eyes, flicked with irony and yet touching our hearts, asking always for justice and yet for sanity," he lies buried in the land of his birth, as true a son as were his gay and cynical forbears, Voltaire and Rabelais. He had their passion for life combined with his own pagan love of the beautiful, both in no way detracting from his comprehension and forgiveness of human stupidity and guile.

At the age of eighty, the great Anatole returned in his work to the fields of his childhood. Having written of saints and sinners, of mountebanks and bibliophiles, of revolutions and monarchies, in *The Bloom of Life* he revisited his boyhood days of fanciful play with history's romances. He recollected the time when he fell to writing a history of the world in fifty volumes, and encountered on the third page an insurmountable giant.

No. 9 du quai Voltaire, the birthplace of Anatole France, is today as it was in the old days, a little bookshop crammed full of all manner of curious, musty tomes. Noel Thibault (Pere France) chatted with his cronies by the hour about the grand old days of the Second Republic while young Anatole France sat in a corner and developed his passion for erudition and his love of the past. His friend, Etienne Charavy, and he began to act out the lives of the men they discovered and heard about, being saint, hermit, poet, and lover in turn, to the chagrin of Roman Catholic Pere France and the delight of Mme. Thibault, who always comforted her young son's bruised sensibilities.

Inheriting from his Angevin father a spirit of dream and action tinged with irony, France's youth was a mixture of melancholy and ambitious reverie. Stanislaus College claimed him. There he was fired with passion for Virgil and Sophocles. Timid, awkward, solitary, Anatole France wrote his first poem, *The Legend of Saint Rodegond*, as he strolled the Rues du Bac and Guenegard, saying, "I am Parisian, with all my heart, with all my soul. I know all the pavements of Paris; I adore all the stones. Then as I studied nothing, I learned much. In fact, it is in strolling that one makes beautiful intellectual and moral discoveries."

More poetry came from this scholastic lover of quiet just turned twenty-three. Verlaine, Lazarche, and France collaborated in a revolutionary review decrying the caesarism of the Napoleonic era. Soon the adventure of the soul among masterpieces — France's own definition of criticism — attracted the attention of the young Frenchman. Racine, Moliere and La Fontaine became his studies in *Le Temps*. The first volume of France's thirty-five books, *Jocasta and the Famished Cat*, drew the attention of the literary world to the French master. *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, a self-portrait of the artist at seventy when he was but half that age, won for him the Academy crown because of its simple, happy, graceful style and its creation of the philosophical humanitarian, Bonnard, lover of women, love and cats.

The world called Anatole France. He remembered Renan's warning, "It is necessary to live with one's time." Aristocrat in spirit, Anatole France was socialist in action. In the Dreyfus case, he sided with Zola against antisemitism and injustice, turning from his long-accustomed reverie and conservatism to action and socialism. In *Penguin Island*, his gorgeous satire on humanity from its inception to its end when houses will get higher and higher, people will get richer and richer, and capitalism will succeed capitalism, the great master's many-sidedness is as evident as it is in his *The Gods are Athirst*, the novel of the French Revolution where Anatole France proves himself arch-pessimist, arch-humorist, and arch-satirist. An agnostic, despising religion as cowardice, he yet understood those who believed in believing in God. His only religion was humanity. Huneker said of him: "He was pagan in his irony; Christian in his pity."

Communication

Sirs : —

The London Nation and Athenaeum has lately devoted considerable space to a discussion of the Palestine Problem. The recent proposal of the Palestine Government to float a loan, which could succeed only if guaranteed by the British taxpayer, gives the editors the desired opportunity to ask for a reconsideration of the entire question, "in order that the British taxpayer and his representative may know exactly where they stand." The British public "has the right, and Parliament the duty, to review the present regime in Palestine, and, if dissatisfied, to insist on radical changes." To enlighten their readers the editors proceed to publish a detailed analysis of the situation in the Holy Land, and reach a negative conclusion

after what seems to be a careful examination of the factors involved.

"Broadly speaking. Palestine costs the British tax-payer £1,000,000 a year for the upkeep of military forces necessary for the maintenance of the present (Zionist) regime in the face of overwhelming opposition. Apart from this, its revenue barely, on the most favourable showing, meets its annual expenditure — in point of fact, it substantially fails to meet it, as no provision has hitherto been made for the payment of interest and sinking-fund charges on its debt. The national debt of the country already amounts to £5,000,000 at a moderate estimate, and it now seeks a loan of £3,000,000 partly to repay about £2,000,000 of that debt, and partly to finance a grandiose harbour scheme at Haifa, which will cost about £1,000,000. On the completion of the loan transaction the national debt will amount to £6,000,000, involving an annual charge of £300,000 on the local revenue.

"The Haifa harbour scheme would be sound enough for a country which could afford the luxury of anticipating a future, perhaps remote, demand for modern shipping facilities. Palestine is not such a country, and under present conditions Haifa's development will be Jaffa's doom. Jaffa will be ruined if such a scheme materializes, but it is necessary for the Palestine Government to hold out the bait of some large development work to justify application for a loan. The bulk of the loan is, of course, essential to the continuance of the present regime, which to the extent of £1,583,000 has been financed by advances made by the Crown Agents without Parliamentary authority. The Crown Agents now require the money to regularize an irregular transaction, and, if it cannot be found, Palestine will, to all intents and purposes, be bankrupt. It might be urged that the British taxpayer is only being asked to guarantee a loan of £3,000,000 in order to secure repayment of the sum already advanced, but this is not really so, seeing that refusal of a guarantee must result in a drastic revision of our policy with a possible saving of £1,000,000 a year over an indefinite period.

"The rest of the present national debt of Palestine is made up as follows: £2,190,000 owed to this country in respect of railways, telegraphs, and other works handed over to the Palestine Government at a low valuation on the termination of the military occupation in July, 1920; £640,000 due in respect of the last four years to the Ottoman Public Debt Council, and payable in twenty equal annuities; an unknown sum, not less than £300,000 due to the same Council on account of special revenues collected during the military occupation — this claim is disputed, though to all appearances legally valid, as the revenues were collected by the military authorities under the Turkish law; a further unknown sum, probably £150,000, due to the Hedjaz Railway administration on account of a special stamp tax allocated by Turkish law to the service of the railway; and other minor sums, together with interest on the sums above mentioned in respect of the past four years.

"The financial situation of Palestine scarcely justifies the demand for further financial support. It is true that against the capital debt there are assets — railways, buildings, &c.— but these assets are not readily realizable. Their value is in ratio to the stability and prosperity of the country, which are themselves at the mercy of the political situation. The only solid asset is the presence of a military force at a cost of £1,000,000 a year to the British taxpayer, as long as he consents to keep it there and pay for it. Every financial commitment accepted by him lengthens the duration of this liability. It is time, therefore, for him to take stock of the situation, to judge of its prospects of stability, and, if not satisfied, to weigh the advantages and disadvantages to himself of the present position, and of any feasible modification of a regime which imposes an obligation on him in the interests of others.

The political situation is the key to the problem. The Balfour Declaration of November, 1917, laid down the broad lines of British policy in respect of Palestine. That declaration has been reaffirmed by each successive Government, including the present Labour Government. No sane person can desire its recall. For Jews and Arabs alike it represents a British promise on which there can be no going back. But a sound and reasonable *regime* safeguarding the rights and legitimate aspirations of all can be based on its terms without stretching them. It is true that extreme Zionists did, at the beginning, put on the declaration an interpretation it was incapable of bearing; but that phase is past beyond recall. It has left a legacy of suspicion and rancour which has been held officially to necessitate direct British administration with a strong bias in favour of Zionism. We cannot trust the Arabs to be fair to the Jews after their early experiences. The sooner that phase passes the better for all concerned, for the ideal of a Jewish National Home in Palestine is doomed by the continuance of a *regime* calculated to irritate and exasperate the Arabs beyond endurance.

"Mr. Churchill and his successors have not been blind to this fact. But they have shrunk from facing it squarely. As in India and in Egypt, half-hearted concessions have been offered to the Arabs, who will only accept the genuine article. Barring the possibility of a Fascist reaction in British Eastern policy, they will get it, but, if they get it by their own efforts, the Jews will suffer as the Armenians are suffering for former European support in Turkey. We should try to avoid such a climax by being reasonable with the Arabs.

"We recognize in principle that a democratic, constitutional *regime* in Palestine is the ideal to be aimed at. We have offered to set up a legislative council consisting of Arabs, Christians and Jews, roughly in proportion to their respective numerical importance, but we have stripped that offer of reality by insisting on the inclusion in the council of a sufficient number of British officials to control its operation absolutely. The official members would, of course, vote solid under the High Commissioner's direction, and, combining with the Jews, they would outvote the Arabs and the Christians. A ninety per cent. majority of the population can scarcely be expected to accept the position of a minority in the council. The deadlock leaves us with the continuance of Crown Colony government and a deadweight of popular hostility into the bargain.

"It is unnecessary to discuss whether a Zionist High Commissioner can be absolutely impartial. The Arabs do not think so—nor do the Jews, who would not go to Palestine unless assured of a potential administrative majority. It is a pity that the High Commissioner is a Zionist and that other Zionists hold high positions in the Government, while Arabs do not. That defect should be rectified as soon as possible, but the obvious solution of the problem is to set up a purely representative council—as in Iraq—and to stand by in our mandatory capacity to prevent oppression of minorities by the majority. That is our proper function. It would cost us less than the present *regime*. Above all, it would give the Jews a reasonable chance of realizing their legitimate aspirations. But they must relinquish the idea of Zionist domination in Palestine or even of a Jewish *imperium in imperio*, and we must not encourage such dreams."

This attitude has called forth a very competent reply from Mr. Israel Cohen, who is the Secretary of the Zionist Organization in England.

"There is no Zionist *regime* in Palestine. It is true that Sir Herbert Samuel was appointed High Commissioner partly on account of his pro-Zionist sympathies, for it is as essential that he should have that qualification if the most distinguishing feature of the Mandate — the creation of the Jewish

National Home — was to become a reality; but that fact no more constitutes the administration of Palestine a Zionist *regime* than the Viceroyalty of Lord Reading converts the Government of India into a Jewish administration. Apart from the High Commissioner himself, *only one* of the thirty-five senior posts in the Palestine Administration is held by a Jew, whilst all the rest, in addition to the District Governorships, are held by British Christians. There is not the least evidence that the present *regime* is opposed by 90 per cent of the population. The opposition consists simply of a small but very clamant group, whose pretence to represent the Palestinian Arabs is strongly repudiated by the other parties. Moreover, during the last year the feeling of hostility towards British policy has considerably declined, there has been an increase of fraternization between Jews and Arabs, and the newly formed Peasant Party has adopted a resolution in favor of the Balfour Declaration.

"It is true that the military forces in Palestine at present cost the British taxpayer £1,000,000 a year, but there is no ground for placing this charge entirely to the debit of Zionism. In the first place, those forces are part of the regular British Army, and if they were not employed in Palestine they would have to be kept and maintained elsewhere. Secondly, they are stationed in Palestine as much in the strategic interests of the British Empire as in support of the Mandate policy, and they will be retained there as long as the British Government wish to control the Suez Canal and to preserve uninterrupted communication through it with India, Australia, and the British possessions in the Far East. It is, therefore, inaccurate to speak of the position in Palestine as imposing upon the British taxpayer "an obligation in the interests of others." But even if the troops there were a specially raised force for the sole purpose of safeguarding the realization of Zionist aspirations, the British taxpayer could hardly regard it as a grievance to pay about a shilling per annum for the historic honour of assisting the Jewish people to resettle in their ancient land.

"Your opposition to the proposed loan is strangely inconsistent with your support of the Balfour Declaration, for if this is to be carried out at all satisfactorily it is obviously necessary that the country should be furnished with a credit sufficient to wipe off part of its debts (incurred in the interest of its own development) as well as to defray the cost of the most urgent public works. The weight of expert opinion is against you on the question of the necessity of a port, whilst the rivalry between Jaffa and Haifa is a matter susceptible of adjustment. And if the British taxpayer was willing to guarantee part of a loan for Austria, in which he has no direct or personal interest, why should he be less willing to guarantee a loan for Palestine, in which he has a vital political interest?

"Moreover, your advocacy of "a purely representative council," in which obviously the Arabs would be in the majority, is inconsistent with your desire to safeguard "the rights and legitimate aspirations of all." For what guarantee would the Jew have of the right to return to Palestine and to rebuild his National Home if the country were under a predominantly Arab Government? There is no analogy between the Mandate of Iraq and that of Palestine, as the former contains no stipulation for the creation of a National Home for a non-Arab people. The establishment of a Jewish National Home is a vital and cardinal feature of the Palestine Mandate, and as long as Great Britain holds the Mandate it is her business to see that the Government of Palestine is so constituted as to ensure that the terms of the Mandate are fully carried out."

We can add but very little to what has already been said by Mr. Cohen. There are, however, a few points which we desire to stress and clarify. The late war has shown conclusively that a resourceful and energetic adversary could easily

threaten England's primary communication with India. Turkey was a constant menace to the British position in Egypt and the Near East until her downfall. The fortifications on the western bank of the Suez Canal were not sufficient to secure it against attack. One million soldiers were diverted from the Western Front to keep this passage safe and prevent the Turks from breaking into Egypt. The Suez Canal will remain vulnerable unless both banks are under British control. It is, therefore, to the advantage of England not only to maintain an army in Palestine but to encourage the settlement of that country by a people, whose advent is ultimately bound to introduce a stabilizing factor in the social and economic life of the Near East.

The defeat of Germany and Austria-Hungary has not only shifted the balance of power but has also created new political values and realities. The Press has in a recent communication informed us that the Grand Fleet is leaving the North Sea for new, and sunnier, headquarters in the Mediterranean. Germany lies crushed; Heligoland is dismantled. The danger in the North Sea has been removed, and with it the necessity of keeping the navy in northern waters. England is now sending her fleets into the Mediterranean because the balance of power on the continent has shifted from Germany and Austria to Italy and France, and because of the disturbed conditions in Egypt and the Near East. It is a sound military maxim to concentrate your forces at, or near, the point of greatest danger. The decision of the Admiralty must, therefore, be viewed in the light of military and political expediency. We maintain that the acquisition of Palestine strengthens the British position and prestige in the Mediterranean basin, and also serves to check French military ambitions in Asia Minor.

A word remains to be said concerning the Jaffa vs. Haifa controversy. The present trend of colonization in Palestine is northward. The soil of Galilee holds out a richer promise to the *chaluz* and many have settled in this region. There is, however, a serious drawback to the rapid colonization of this district. Northern Palestine lacks a commercial outlet that would satisfy the growing economic needs of its population. Jaffa is too far and too inefficient to serve the purpose. The rocky nature of this harbor makes it impossible for ships to dock. They must remain off shore and were it not for the myriads of small boats neither cargo nor passenger would ever reach the landing. The sheer waste of this is apparent even to the ordinary layman. The Haifa-plan calls for a modern port with the latest facilities for the handling of oversea trade. This project may signal the ruin of Jaffa, but it has the weight of expert opinion in its favor. We believe that the present conservative regime would not sponsor this scheme unless it had faith in the economic and industrial regeneration of Palestine.

Yours,

HERMAN SILVERMAN.

Europe Revisited

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The smell of ships that mixes with the smells
Not known at sea : the sharp sweet smell of spice
In brilliant squares ; odors not tasted twice
With the same palate, of dried Roman wells ;
And of old angry Christian citadels ;
Of fields where kings made merry, where the mice
Now keep their nests in peace ; and, without price,
The frankincense like faintly swinging bells
Rising to make a gargoyles nostril twitch.
These play along the wind and will not die,
Tho some are older than those women are
Who stand at fountains like some Tuscan bitch
That death forgot ; odors that seem to fly
From mummied years like light from some dead star.

Shrine

BY ALLEN TATE

To build a temple in the dark
Heavens over a city park
Where winds connect far jagged cries
In tangled planes of slanting skies —

And move the similar hundred feet
A nightfall toward their winding-sheet :
To weave the intricacies of air
Into a crystal atmosphere.

I am compelled to count the knock
Knock knock of the intimate clock,
To stack broken grey mysteries
Into a whispered congeries :
A frail cathedral of the shout
Of darkened cities spinning out,
From Omaha to Washington,
Their destitution of the sun.

From lanes that reach two hundred miles
Out of the disenchanted isles
Of stone, amid a sea of grass, —
This adytum of murmured glass !

The Eighth Divison of Hell^{*)}

BY I. L. PEREZ

Fatigued, exhausted I lie upon my couch, trying to recall just how it happened :

I was at a mass-meeting, delivered a talk.

Fire and flame I spat ! arrows I hurled . . . as with a sharp, naked sword I fanned the multitude !

I speak and I listen closely to my own words ; and my words delight me ! I am the hero, I fight for everything, for all that is good and beautiful. I am the champion of freedom, the champion of the good and the beautiful, that await us in the distant future, yet a future that draws nearer and nearer !

And I tear the mask from Falsehood and I chain Falsehood to the pillory. I strip him of his trappings and leave him bare — sore . . . leperous . . .

Of a sudden I have become silent !

My power is weakened, my fire extinguished and the tongue in my mouth has turned to lead.

What in the world has happened to me ?

While I was speaking, I involuntarily raised my eyes, and before me hung a mirror. I saw myself—my eyes I saw: an evil flame burns in them, a strange fire. Not my eyes at all. And yet I seem to know them. I have seen such eyes before.

Only now do I begin to remember when.

They were flogging a soldier in the barracks. His brothers, the soldiers who lashed him, had just those eyes, and the eyes said : *We* whip you today, tomorrow *you* will whip us — so we strike enough for tomorrow too.

I saw myself in the mirror. Not as tomorrow's hero, but as one who having been whipped whips.

I became silent . . . and the listeners ? They breathed relief ; a stone fell from their hearts. Like cattle in the open after a violent hailstorm. Like children, sitting in darkness, when a light is brought. Like cripples that lean against a wall, when the crutches they have dropped are handed them and they can move freely.

And a young man grasps his lady's arm and asks : "May I now ? May I ?" And she nods her pretty head and answers with a sweet smile : "You may. You may."

And I fled from the assembly.

Fatigued and broken I lie upon my couch. The moon floats and gazes into my window. -

The light of the moon, they say, leads to self-analysis and introspection . . . I spit at it ! since I can't reach the moon, I spit at the ceiling . . .

But what is this ?

A pair of eyes issue from the wall and stare.

A witch, indeed, is the moon. One of her merry pranks.... But whose eyes are these ?

Are they the eyes of the soldiers who flog their comrades ; or are they the eyes of those who would stop me on my journey from one mirage to another and ask : Won't you have a glass of water ?

The eyes stare at me not with anger nor with any particular kindness. Around them stirs a pale, white face. Now emerges a beard and sidelocks like snow, a turban . . . then the entire head . . .

— Who are you, friend ?

He does not hear.

— Who are you, old man ?

The shadow stirs and replies :

— I ? I am the "*Shevet Mussar*." **)

The jest appeals to me. I join in the moon's prank and say :

— *Sholom Aleichem*, "*Shevet Mussar*."

He replies :

— *Aleichem Sholom* — as is the custom, and moves and comes closer — —

He's a little fellow the "*Shevet Mussar*", but straight. Simple manners. In his eyes naivete . . . But their look is straight and sure, as though doubt were not in the world ; as though everything we see is simple and certain . . . and his voice is crystal clear, without a tint, without a tremor. Word after word drops from his mouth like sand, every word has its own content . . .

— Was is really you who described Gehenna ?

— I.

— And did you describe it accurately ? You added nothing, you left nothing out ? You ought to know now, you've seen it with your own eyes ?

He is not insulted and replies evasively :

— I saw it also when I was alive.

— When you were alive ?

— Of course . . . in my dream . . .

— And is Hell really just as you pictured it, as you saw it in your dream ?

— Hell has since become larger . . . An eighth division has been added . . .

— For what purpose ? For whom ?

— Do you want to know ?

— The eighth division—relates the "*Shevet Mussar*" —

*) "The Eighth Division of Hell" was originally written in Hebrew, translated into Yiddish by A. Frumkin, later revised by Perez himself and included in his Yiddish works.

**) "Shevet Mussar" is the Hebrew Pseudonym of Elijah Kohan of Smyrna, who in 1719 (*circa*) published a description of Gehenna.

has been added for you and those like you, for all *new* sinners, for the *moderns*, as you call yourselves.

— Where's the difference?

— Listen: once there was constant battle between body and soul. The soul, which is part of the Holy One, kept forever tearing to Heaven. Up, upward to reach Heaven she craved. And the body, the filthy body, *that fetid drop*, kept dragging downward, ever downward. To sink lower and lower was her only desire. To wallow in dirt and ugliness . . . Did the soul triumph — good! But did the body conquer! Well, you may be sure it got what it deserved. For it was the body that had sinned!

What kind of punishment can be inflicted upon the body? Hot burning pitch, fire, water, serpents, scorpions, and all kinds of labor on deserts, in forests, among ruins, and such.

For this purpose were created the old seven divisions and each sinner must suffer in his division his due punishment and his decreed time.

These are new times however — new sins . . .

The souls conspire . . . the souls mutiny! The souls war with all the seven heavens, with God and His Nature . . . Everything must be improved, they want to make the world over and turn the universe topsy-turvy.

It is not body that sins now but soul! Impatiently you press toward the End of Days, to bring the Messiah before His time. Your eyes jump from their sockets!

And you carry on as if the world were yours, and you manoeuvre as if the entire human race were your mercenaries.... For you there was no place in the seven divisions of Hell.

— And is there no hot burning pitch in the eighth division?

— No.

— No fire and no water?

— No.

— And don't they whip you there?

— Not a sign of a whip.

— And may one eat and drink and sleep there?

— One may even read and write and publish . . .

— What is their punishment?

— Look, a heavy cloud is drifting from the west, drifting towards the moon. If the cloud hides the moon, I disappear; only in the moonlight can you see me . . . Lazily the cloud moves. As much as I am able I shall impart, but I must hurry . . . Listen!

A person like yourself, for instance, who had always been occupied, had very little time to himself, is placed naked before a heap of snow. There he stands, stands and suddenly a thought runs through his mind, "The snow must be melted, and turned into water." This creates a mood, isn't that what you call it? and the mood changes to desire, and desire to passion: he must! He runs to the snow-mound, warms it with his body, embraces it, merges, breathes warmth into it, forces himself into it body and soul.

— The snow must melt . . . there must be water, water flows, water is movement, water is joy.

— And do the demons drive him?

— Why? Passion is the better driver! And he cuts into the snow deeper and deeper, and the place he leaves freezes and he labors in the dark surrounded by mountains of snow. What melts, freezes . . .

— And?

— And he turns snow into — ice!

— Dreadful!

And another is placed all alone in the midst of an endless field, a field of hard clay.

Overhead — a most beautiful sky, clear, bare of cloud, but also bare of sun, moon and stars . . . For — is there really a sky? Nothing more than a blue canopy, a curtain . . . not so? He tramples all alone in the clay, as on a desert . . . For he alone is alive — feels, thinks and meditates.

But loneliness overcomes him; he yearns for life about him . . . if he finds no life, he will create it! While he lived, he suffered for thousands, strove for tens of thousands, and thought for myriads. His soul was the soul of millions. Is he not a creator? Is he not so potent as God? And he gathers dust from the earth, and clay, and mire, and kneads and moulds — but was is it he wishes to create? Birds he forms — birds with wings! Man, not endowed with wings, is nothing . . . he will mould eagles later, for the moment — birds.

And so he kneads, at first little birds — but he gives them wings; shapes them and breathes into them his own soul. And the little birds become living creatures. He rejoices and dances and calls to them: "Fly, fly, my birdies, fly up."

But the birds do not fly. On the ground they hop about in the clay and they search for worms to sustain their little lives. But there are no worms, so they struggle and gasp . . . and perish . . .

And it comes to pass that two pairs of wings rise and flutter, it is a "he" and a "she" and they frolic.

He shouts: "To the sky, to the sky!"

And they frolic . . .

He seizes lumps of clay, hurls them at the birds and kills them. He kneads and moulds other birds . . .

And the field becomes strewn with dead bodies, with dead birds . . . all about him carcasses, nothing but carcasses.

— Unhappy man!

— Another sinner is cast into a den of hounds.

— Do they devour him alive?

— Far be it! True, the beasts are famished, but they would not touch him — for he is their friend, and speaks to them, to the starving hounds. He is a prophet for hounds.

At first he speaks to them like a dog, in their own tongue, and as soon as they begin to understand him, he throws in a few human words — then more and more.

And thus he stands among them and speaks and speaks,

his eyes riveted upon them, and with his eyes he bewitches them and holds their canine souls in check.

Everything evolves! The species change — dogs will evolve into men!

And behold! one of the dogs already stands on two legs and with the other two he feels about. A second dog is still barking, but in his canine bark there are heard rounded tones, nobler, human . . .

And he, the sinner, still speaks and speaks: but with his words and his eyes he pours a flood of enchantment upon the beasts. And there they are — standing upright, like human beings . . . and here is one of them now lifting a leg, as if it were an arm, and points to heaven.

And in the eyes of that dog something flashed — a shadow of *will*, of self-consciousness those eyes spoke.

Before long and the eyes of those dogs will sparkle aspiration, their *wills* flare up — their hunger they have forgotten, they have forgotten they are hungry dogs. Before long and there will awake in them the great, the wondrous Vision —

— And then?

— It will not happen! An angel of destruction tosses a bone into the den; the famished dogs come down on all fours, they bark, struggle and fight over the bone . . . and only when the bone disappears, does the prophet begin anew . . . and this goes on endlessly.

— Dreadful!

— Dreadful!

And one I have seen near a high mountain. On the summit shines a dazzling light. He stands at the foot yearning. He is drawn toward the light, to that most bewitching light, there lies his happiness . . . up above, where the air is pure, where it glitters and flowers an exquisite white . . .

— Does he ascend?

— She holds him back . . . No sooner does he take a step upwards, than she opens her eyes and stares at him. In her eyes, too, is a bewitching light, in her eyes too he sees sky, suns and stars and alluring rays —

— So he turns back!

— And then she closes her eyes . . . and back and forth he goes, between light and light, ray and ray . . .

— Why doesn't he take her along?

— *She* is not *she* . . .

— The cloud is at hand, I must tell you of eagles and pigskin . . .

— And what is that?

— A mere trifle! Some of your seers, your prophets, have been reincarnated into eagles, large eagles with broad wings, but clothed in pigskin . . .

And your prophets raise themselves up into the air; high, quite high they soar... heaven they would conquer, the Throne of Glory occupy! But up above, in the aridity of the atmosphere, the pigskin cracks. And when wounds appear, when great pain torments them, the eagles drop and fall into wet marshes, where they soak their skins, where they heal their wounds . . .

And so it goes on, up and down, up and down —

But suddenly the moon had vanished and with her the "*Shevet Mussar*" . . . When I rose and lit a candle, I found a postal card on the table:

— You are requested to attend a meeting tomorrow — —
I burnt it.

*Translated from the Yiddish by A. N. Gerbovoy
and Abe Grosner.*

Steel Blue

HERSCHELL BEK

Snow, at dusk, is a steel blue,
A hard blue in the smile of steel.

Winds, at dusk, are a steel blue,
A cunning blue along a blade's clean edge.

Winds, at dusk, are steel blue rapiers
Scraping across a sheet of steel.

Dusk winds over dusk snow
Whipping at the cold blue heels of day.

The Personal Element Versus Social Influence in Literature

BY ALBERT MORDELL

Good literature should appeal to people in all times and should not be too intrinsically the product of its milieu. A literary production that has universal and eternal interest might have been written with some variations in any time or country. Some forms of literature, the lyric love poem for example, where the singer tells of his joys or sorrows, does not depend for its nature or value on the spirit of the age, but on the personal experiences and emotions of the poet himself. Had Sappho lived today she could and no doubt would have written her poem "To Aphrodite" very much in its present form; the only changes she might have made would have been to have written it in either free verse, prose, or rhyme. The same idea and passion could have been present whether the poet composed it during the French Revolution or the Trojan War. Similarly, if Shakespeare had lived in the time of Sappho, he might have written most of his sonnets very much as they are in sentiment, although he would have used some Greek measure. While it is true that they were simply one of many collections of sonnets in his day and owed something to Italian models, they are the fruits of his love life, the record of his personal emotions, the voice of his unconscious. His private griefs were not affected by the fact that the Armada has recently been defeated by the English fleet. The sonnets beginning with the lines "That time of year thou mayst in me behold", and "My love is as a fever longing still" could just as well have been composed in the time when the Inquisition ruled or when Darwin discovered his theory.

Too much has been made of the supposed effects of an age upon an author. Writers often take little interest in the histories of their own times, and are unacquainted with contemporary literary work or movements. No doubt literary men are unconsciously at least influenced by the age in which they flourish; but literary historians have built up imaginary theories of the alleged relations of authors to the age in which they live. Is there any connection between the first part of *Robinson Crusoe* and the poetry of Pope? Is its composition in the eighteenth century not a mere accident? Although the book depicts raw life, inspired as a reaction to the artificialities of the drawing room and city life, it could have been written in any age or time. It strikes the imagination in a way to make us feel the value of love, fellowship and co-operation, and these are universal sentiments. The tale would have appealed to Aristotle who said man was a sociable animal, just as it appeals to us. That it was written two centuries ago instead of two millenniums ago is unimportant. Plato might have written it had he met Selkirk.

Tartuffe and Pecksniff types lived among the ancients as they did in seventeenth century France and nineteenth century England. Moliere and Dickens depicted the respective

types for us because of certain unpleasant dealings and contact that they had with them in life. But an age of Louis the Fourteenth or of Victoria was not a condition precedent for the existence of hypocrites or for an author's portrayal of them. It is true one age may be more hypocritical than another but the hypocritical character is an eternal type and might have been drawn in any other age.

Literary historians have misled us into thinking, for instance, that all the poets of the Georgian Age in the first two decades of the nineteenth century were products of the French Revolution. The effect of the Revolution on them has been exaggerated out of all proportion. The fact that many of the ideas in Byron's *Don Juan*, Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* and Wordsworth's *Prelude* are related to the views of the French eighteenth century writers who sowed the seeds from which the Revolution sprang, merely shows that some of the works of a writer may be influenced by the generation immediately before the time he lives in. Wordsworth wrote his best poems, the ballads about humble people, because he saw them about him all the time and spoke to them. While it is true there was an affinity between his choice of subjects in the lowly folk and the democratic ideas of the Revolution, it was not because there was a French Revolution that he wrote of the leech-gatherer. He might, because of his temperament, have written these poems had he lived in the age of Pope.

Similarly there is no more connection between all those many beautiful sad lyrics of Byron written to Mary Chaworth, of the drama of *Manfred* or even *Caïn*, or nearly all the descriptive passages in *Childe Harold*, and the French Revolution, than there is between his Farewell poem to Lady Byron when she left him and the second war with America. And Shelley, who is supposed to be the very child of the Revolution, has given us poetic masterpieces based on love experiences of his own which were little related to the Revolution. His *To a Skylark*, his *Julian and Maddalo*, *Epipsychidion* (except the passage on free love) the poems to Mrs. Williams and some of the lyrics in *Prometheus Unbound* sing of Shelley's personal emotions and could as well have been written in the Age of Chaucer.

It may be noticed that a large part of an author's best work is often unrelated to his age, and is pure personal outcropping; this fact makes it readable all the more to posterity.

Keats was utterly untouched by the Revolution. He could just as well have lived in ancient Greece or the Medieval Ages and his work would not have been much different. He could have told of his troubles at the hands of Fanny Brawne and worshipped beauty and envied the nightingale in those days. As for Coleridge it did not need a French Revolution to make him give us the poem of the *Ancient Mariner*. The ballad

form in it, the resort to the supernatural and the spirit of love for animals in it, are to be found in earlier English poetry. His sad wail about his lack of will power in *Dejection*, his romantic interest as shown in *Christabel*, his regret for vanished youth in *Youth and Age*, may be read by us today without our believing that a French Revolution had to take place before they could be composed. (His poem *France* however, which is a political poem and also shows his reaction to the Revolutionists naturally is connected with the event it speaks about).

I think we may also safely say that the novels of Scott dealing with Scotch history or episodes in the lives of Scotch men and women who lived years before him, the *Essays of Elia* telling of its author's whims and taste formed by reading seventeenth century authors and the *Confession of an Opium Eater* based on an unfortunate habit of the author, also have nothing to do with the influences in back of the French Revolution.

Yet literature is taught in a most fallacious manner. The author is tied to a particular place and event, when his work is one that is a product often irrespective of event and place, and but the outcropping of personal experiences. Literary historians ignore the personality of the author and emphasize the literary movements and historical events of the day.

I have named some of the greatest of the writers of the early period of the nineteenth century and shown that we may read them without our being compelled to make deep studies of the historical events and social ideas of the time. What I have said of them could also be said of the novels of Jane Austen of many of the egotistic essays of Hazlitt, and the bulk of the *Imaginary Conversations* of Landor. There is no reason why a lover of literature should be compelled to study the French Revolution or to follow the stream of English literature from Beowulf down. Literary history is not the same as literature. Nor need a man "study" groups or authors together. No doubt there are resemblances between Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron and Shelley, Lamb and Hazlitt. Their names have been bracketed together because the writers were united by a similarity of temperament and literary tastes, because they shared similar experiences or were personal friends. The reader may read these authors in pairs if he wishes, but he need not do so.

The history of literature, like that of philosophy, has unfortunately been made more important than the subject it-

self. I do not by any means say that a knowledge of the histories of the literature of some countries is not necessary; on the contrary, a lover of literature will with pleasure familiarize himself with literary histories. It is a matter of acquiring important and entertaining information. But the great works of literature that do live and deserve to live are those that can be read with ease and pleasure without our familiarizing ourselves with their historical setting. We do not have to feel that a work can be understood and enjoyed only after we study all the social conditions among which it rose. It is enough for us to know that it represents the author and is the result of his emotional experiences. If the book interests us it will make us anxious to find out something about the author's experiences. An old classic, to live, must speak as freely to us as it did to the people in the age in which it was written.

It is not to be denied that a writer is considerably the product of his age and that he writes in obedience to the literary traditions of his time and somewhat under the sway of historical and social events. But personal events in author's lives, as a rule, influence his work more than events and movements about him. The great tragedies of Shakespeare were influenced by sad experiences of his own; *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, are the products of personal tragedies in his own life, and the plot, form and technique alone are due to Elizabethan models. To the events of the time they owe little. Shakespeare may have put his opinions of the Puritans in some plays and may have shown his fondness for feudalism in others — but these plays deliberately give his opinions of social or religious institutions.

Yet the connection of some writers, like Dante, with their age must be known by us in order to understand their works. Where a writer fully identified himself with a movement of which he is the mouthpiece, it certainly is necessary for us to study the various currents of his time to know his work.

But it is unfortunately just the man who identifies himself with a movement who embodies much obsolete thought in his work. The literary exponent of past systems of thought become less readable. The parts of the works of such writers that remain vital are the personal sections. We are more interested in the accounts of Dante's personal emotions than in his theology.

Plains October

BY HAL BORLAND

The blackbirds have gone south ;
 The cattle all are sleek and fat for winter storms ;
 Gramma grass is crunching underfoot, well cured
 for winter feed,
 And upland fields of winter wheat are moss from
 cool sweet spring caverns.

"Knowing a Man Through His Face"

The Art of William Gropper

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

What do you see most frequently in New York City? Walk through its streets, anytime, anywhere; ride in its cars, below, on, or above the ground; remain — if you can — in its homes; visit its offices, hotels, stores, theatres: everywhere you are confronted, surrounded, overwhelmed, with faces. No city in the world presents contrasts in expression more immediate and more sharp; none other reveals so wide a range of feeling. In London the faces in a section are all of a piece; you can classify the neighborhood after passing two denizens, and the whole city affords comparatively little that is not characteristically British. Cairo offers a more vivid and varied display of races and human types, but there somehow the depths of life remain hidden; on the surface, in the features, currents of gaiety sparkle, or masks of quiet conceal the truth. In New York are all types and all feelings, too close for concealment, too absorbed in affairs to hide, waiting for an artist to capture them for all time.

Artists usually have had to seek farther afield for their subjects; even writers, who may linger, most frequently (when portraiture is their aim) journey abroad. Aristophanes, it is true, confines himself to his city, and that greatest of word-caricaturists, Dickens, is a lover of London ways; but the Golden Ass romps over Southern Europe, Gil Blas frolics through France and Spain; Chaucer, Boccaccio, Moliere, Shakespere, all have culled afar. So among graphic artists, Rembrandt, Holbein, Hals, whether from court to court, or from tavern to town-council, all have had to seek their varied types. New York is lavish in its offering; a single subway-car, at 6 p. m. any workaday evening, shows faces and feelings enough to busy one whom they move, for a lifetime.

One whom they move to the core of a sensitive nature is William Gropper. The ways of life have burned into the soul of this unassuming, smiling man who watches life with the air of a spectator, amused yet unconcerned, but beneath whose smile wells an abundant pity. Like all sensitive natures, Gropper was a retiring, diffident child; the mean streets of a great city waste no time on such. So the purpose of life in New York buffeted its way upon his consciousness, and swept him unprotesting into the business world. But the roar of the city could not overwhelm the searching in his eyes, nor the quest of money conquer his smile. His gaze found a way of holding an object that the rush of New York carried beyond most persons unnoticed, of holding it, turning it around, twisting it inside out and asking it why it hurried, and where. And evenings found an unobtrusive figure steadily working in a corner of an art class, rather despised, perhaps, by the other students, who knew he was a haberdasher's clerk by day, but equally ignoring as ignored. Somehow most of the prizes went

to that lad in the corner, whose eyes had caught and imprisoned an endless smile.

The greatest artists are probably those who, understanding, experiencing the horrors, the countless futilities of life, still retain the savour of a smile. The portrait painter who ensnares the soul of his subject, and wakes upon the canvas the meaning — hidden even from himself — of that man's life, his dignity, his complacency, or his wistful hope for man's esteem; that artist has done much. He, too, has worked well who has spread upon the canvas the manifold impulses of his self, whose scenes and subjects shine with an individuality not so much their own as his, giving life with his breath to the eternal common places, that in the alembic flames of the artist become the eternal verities of art. Fusing these two types into a possibility beyond, is the accomplishment of him who, revealing the inmost being of those around, in the light of his own transcendent personality, yet blends the whole with the cosmic view of the philosopher, who "stands beyond the turrets of the world, and sees life steadily and sees it whole." Among the achievements of this group, marked by their burnt-golden tinge of irony and pity, stands the work of William Gropper.

Youth is more violent than maturity, and it is natural that the earlier work of Gropper be less tempered by tolerance, more stirred by indignation. The cartoons drawn during the early days of the war wring with denunciatory vehemence. A few wriggling lines present two boxers, the terrific lunge of the first beaten down by the drive of the second, a concentration of leg and shoulder and heart upon one need, to "knock out" the opponent, — and under the two the casual title "Civilization." Broader strokes present a struggling mass of men, those behind urging forward, pitch-fork and rake visible beyond, those in front recoiling, striving desperately back (one face — the arm obliterating all under the eyes — shrieks a terror you will not forget) back from a crisscross of projecting bayonets; this is entitled "The Storm."

Fortunately for Gropper he escaped for a time from the rush of New York to the sloth of the Caribbean, and in Cuba a mellower beauty subdued him and moved him to a more tolerant contemplation. His sense of the injustice of life can never wholly leave him: childhood is too much of the man; but something less personal now strengthens his outlook, giving to his later work a sense of humility, almost of submission. Yet it is a submission more deadly to evil than defiance, fighting evil not with its own weapons, but with the arms of truth, and the eyes of beauty. In the men erecting tent-poles for an encampment, we see the essence of Calvary. An old man consoles a weeping lad; we feel one whose whole life has

been unfortunate out of his store of sorrow giving cheer to a lad and his passing pain, and something more lasting than sorrow is stirred in us.

The questioning demon behind the eyes of Gropper has kept him seeking, not only new experience, new facets of feeling, but also varied and increasingly effective means of presentation. His earliest medium, still perhaps his favorite, is pen and ink ; but there are few modes in which he has not experimented boldly, and found beauty. His command of dynamic symmetry (to which he has not, like some, fallen a slave) has given a vigor and upward movement to his etchings. His monotypes show a fine appreciation of color quality, though mainly in the more sombre shades, which spread over bumpy hillsides of city lots. He has invented the process of sandpaper printing, which produces a softening of lines, a vague suggestiveness that lends a melancholy to his landscapes. His work in oils is generally not on canvas, but on back grounds of cardboard or wood, which again impart the air of a winter morning to his work. A rough, uneven flight of stone steps furrows a way over a mushroom hillock, from the top of which rears the thick trunk of one tree, its foliage unseen ; in the distance is the even, gray

prison of an apartment house. But from suburban lots and city doorways Gropper always returns to the faces that summon him, to the shoemaker whose pride in his task equals that of the king in his kingdom, to the mute questioning of the countless toilers of the city. Out of his pity Gropper is drawn to the humble. The mighty have writhed under his flaying pen ; in cartoon and in caricature he has whipped into their features their pomposity, their vulgarity, their sham ; but always in the moments when he is steel the magnet of his work draws him to the humble. He knows them in their hours of toil, when drudgery and despair do battle for their souls ; he is their friend in the hours of sodden rest, when bent bones drag weary flesh toward nourishment or toward sleep ; he is their companion in the hours of play, when laughter and flame-cheeked beauty drug them with all too fleeting spell ; he is their brother and their prophet. Through all his painting, somehow come to raise this simple, unassuming worker above the commonplace, peeps a grinning imp : l'esprit Gaulois. This, with his more fundamental mood of irony and pity, looks out of the work of William Gropper ; visible in his landscapes, in all his lines, but beyond all illuminating and enriching the world of his faces.

Tuck Me In Under Your Wing

BY CHAIM N. BIALIK

Tuck me in under your wing.
Be a mother and sister to me.
Let your bosom my refuge be,
Where my lorn prayers cling.

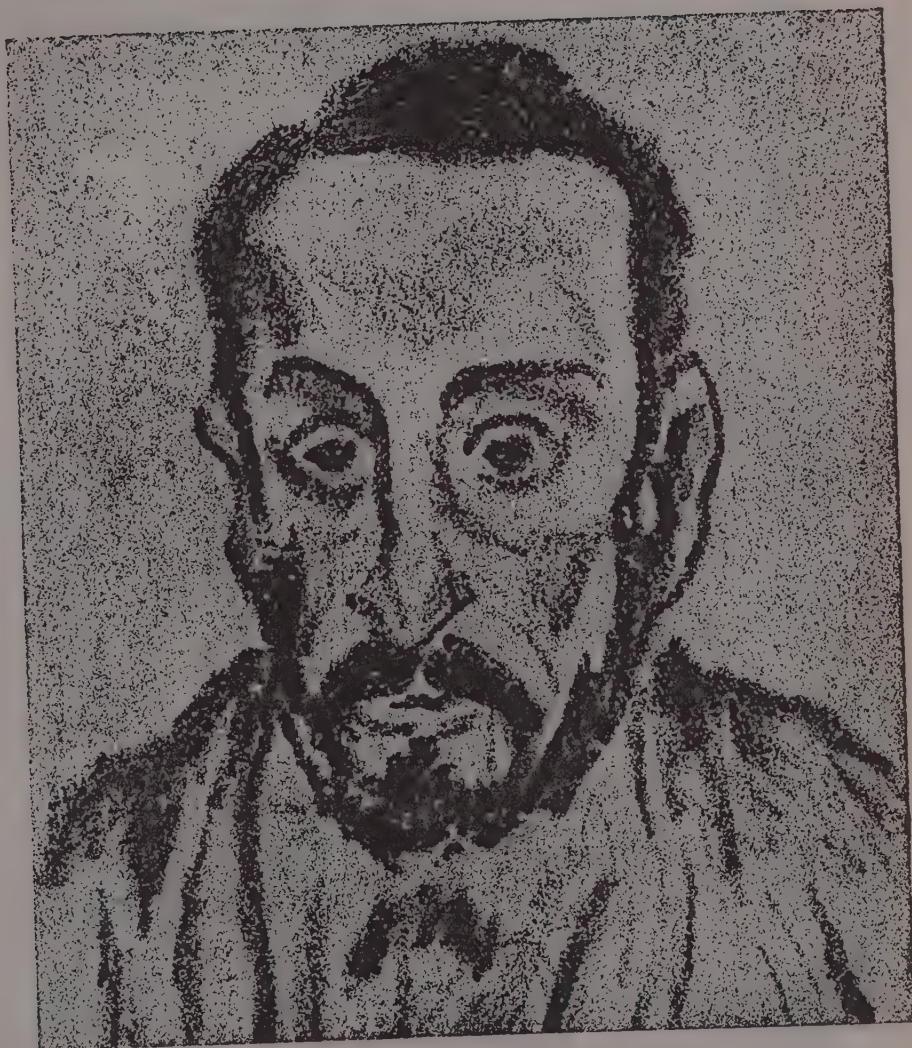
Hearken, and hear my grief,
At dusk, in an hour of ruth :
They say there is youth in the world ;
Where is my youth ?

Bear one more mystery
I am burned in the fire of :
They say there is love in the world ;
What — what is love ?

I dreamed, and the stars betrayed
My eager call ;
And now there is naught for me in the world,
Nothing at all.

Tuck me in under your wing,
Be a mother and sister to me.
Let your bosom my refuge be,
Where my lorn prayers cling.

*Translated from the Hebrew by
Leo Auerbach and Joseph T. Shipley*



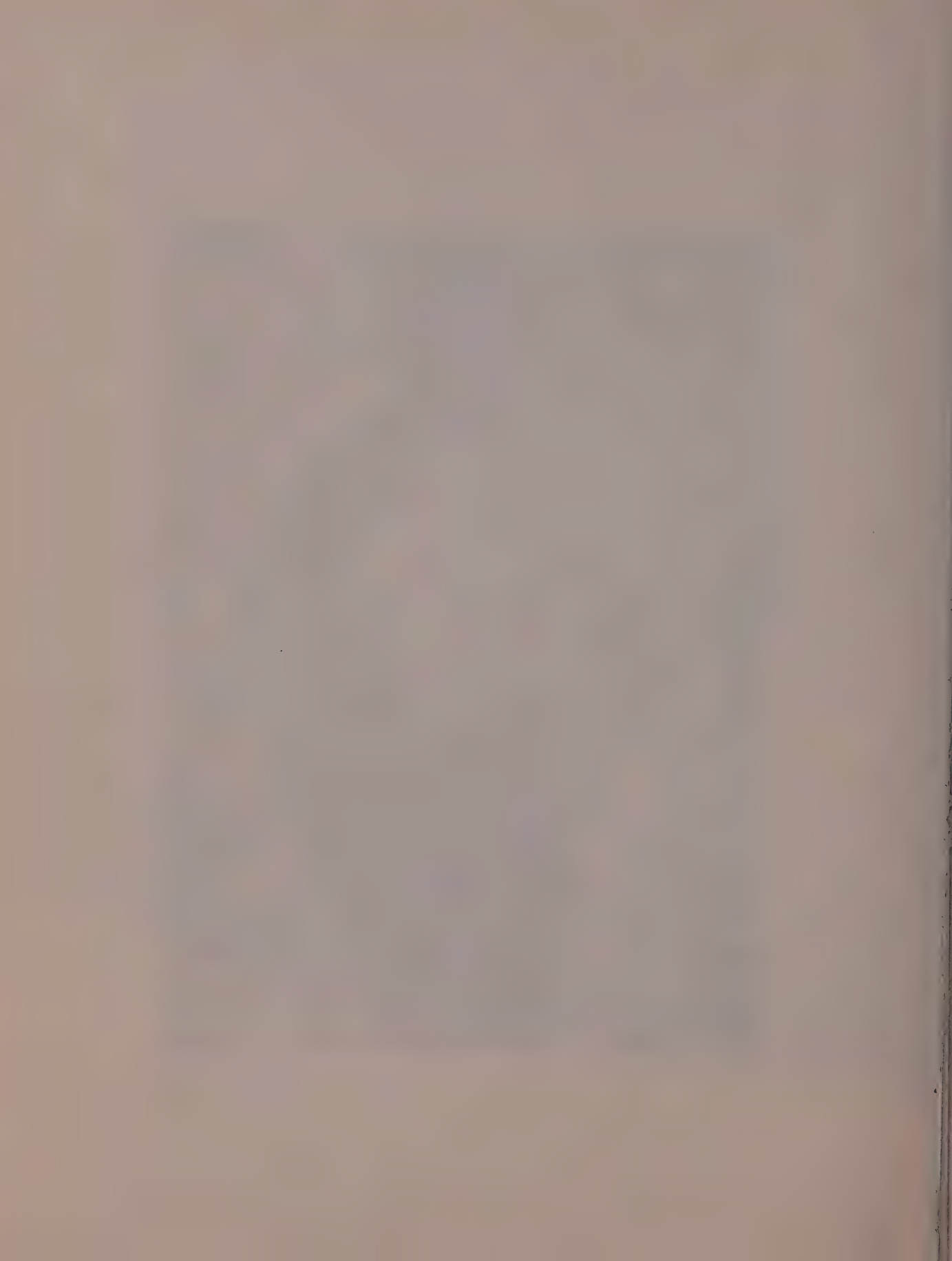
SANDPAPER DRAWING

WILLIAM GROPPER



MONOTYPE

WILLIAM GROPPER



THE GESTURE

BY PAUL ELDRIDGE

WILLIAM DOONE

JOHN — HIS NEPHEW

FRED

MARIE

SYLVESTER

HIS FRIENDS

The sitting-room of William Doone. A bachelor's modest apartment. The furniture is quite simple. A piano, chairs, a table, a sofa. There is a door to the right which leads to the hall and street, and a door center back leading to the bedroom. The door to the right is open; the other is shut. It is morning. About ten o'clock. Through the window to the left the sun splashes into the room.

SYLVESTER enters, slowly on tip-toes, looks up and down, and particularly at the closed door. He is a man of about thirty. Clerk of public accountant. He takes a letter out of his pocket, and reads it intently, moving his lips.

FRED enters, excited. He is the same type and about the same age as Sylvester.

Fred — (*whispering*) Ah!

Sylvester — You — too!

F — A registered letter — an hour ago.

S — Terrible!

F — Where is she?

S — I don't know. In there, no doubt (*pointing to the bedroom door.*) I found this door open.

F — No doubt the housekeeper has run out to call the police.

S — I think I saw her run.

(*Their voices have become normal*)

S — (*pointing again to the door in the center*) In there, surely!

F — No doubt.

S — Shall we open the door?

F — No! Don't! In such cases one should wait for the police.

S — Quite right.

F — You can never tell what complications —

S — But if he should still live —

F — Well, what could you do in such a case? I am the most helpless man in the world.

S — So am I.

F — The sight of blood makes me dizzy.

S — Blood! My God!

F — (*looking at the floor, carefully*) I am so glad none of it leaked out.

S — May be — he poisoned himself —

F — What makes you think —

S — Nothing. I don't know. He doesn't say anything in his letter. (*He takes it out, and reads it aloud*) "Dear Friend, when you receive this letter, I shall no longer be among the living—"

F — Well, that indicates that he must have shot himself. Shooting is more certain than any other way.

S — That's true. Poison works slowly. It may take a whole night and more. He couldn't be sure to be dead in the morning.

F — And as for hanging it's out of the question. No ceiling nowadays could hold a man.

S — I am quite certain he has shot himself. I have been having a premonition all along. "Bill won't live long! Bill won't live long!" And you know, it isn't because he looked sick or anything — but just that way —

F — Strange! I felt the same way — I thought — "Bill is sure to be the first of us to go" — just like that. Strange how one feels such things, isn't it?

S — It's a matter of telepathy. And what do you think the reason for his suicide is?

F — (*taking out a letter*) This is what he writes to me: "When you receive this letter, I shall no longer be among the living. Please do not blame me off-hand. Don't say—he was crazy, that's why he did it. The living always say that. Or you will try, perhaps, to attribute my act to some particular cause. Well, you will be wrong. . . My dear friend, don't you find life a stupid invention? I am thirty-five years old. I have experienced more emotions than the average man experiences. What more is left? See the show over again? It isn't worth it! A person's life should end at thirty-five. Nature, however, has no sense of proportion. Man should be more logical, more artistic. Believe me I am not insane. I am perfectly sane. I have no particular desire to become old. And what else awaits me? What else awaits any man?"

S — That's about what he writes to me. He insists that he isn't crazy.

F — This insistence that he isn't crazy,—what does it mean to you?

S — That he is! That he was at least. "Was"—what a terrible word!

F — I have been noticing something strange about him lately.

S — So did I.

F — I said to myself — What ails Bill?

S — I thought it might be love.

F — No, it seemed something else to me.

S — Does he come of a family that —

F — I don't know.

S — These things are often hereditary.

F — (*scared*) Did — you — hear — something ? (*pointing to the middle door*).

S — No.

F — I thought I heard —

S — We are naturally over-sensitive.

S — How old was he ?

F — Poor Bill !

F — Thirty-five — he says it himself in his letter to me.

S — Yes, of course. He says it in mine too.

F — The flower of manhood.

S — The best time for enjoyment.

F — May be if he had been married —

S — Marriage is the best thing for a man.

F — This ought to teach me a lesson.

S — Yes, you ought to find yourself a woman.

F — Do you know Rose ?

S — Certainly.

F — What do you think of her ?

S — Fine girl.

F — But as a wife —

S — A great wife — I am sure of it.

F — I've been uncertain whether I should take a chance — with my earnings —

S — You spend less being married.

F — Everybody says so, — but I am not sure.
(*a moment's silence*).

F — (*looking at his letter*) Oh, — there is a P. S. which shows Bill's great heart. — He leaves me his gold cuff-buttons and diamond pin —

S — Me he leaves his book-case, tea-set and lamp, knowing that I am to be married soon.

(*Enter JOHN quickly. He is a young man about twenty-four*)

J o h n — (*out of breath*) Good morning.

S — Good Morning.

J — Where is my uncle ? Where is he ?

F — (*pointing to the middle-door*) In there.

J — Dead ?

F — No doubt.

S — Of course.

J — Did you —

F — No, we thought it was wiser to wait for the police.

S — The possible complications in such a case, you know —

J — But supposing he isn't dead ?

F — What could we do in such a case ?

S — We might do more harm than good. I heard of a case recently in which a man died — by just being lifted.

J — So, you think it's better—

S — No doubt much better.

J — My poor uncle !

F — A splendid man !

J — And what was the trouble, do you know ?

S — Didn't you get a letter ?

J — Yes, of course. That's what made me come.

F — And what does he say in the letter ?

J — He says that he is tired of living. That at thirty-five one has already seen everything. That he is sane—saner than —

F — It's the same kind of letter that he sent us.

J — But I've been thinking that there must be something else at bottom.

F — That's our opinion, too.

J — When a man insists that he isn't crazy —

S — It's always a sign —

F — That he is.

J — Or was there a woman perhaps —

F — Who can tell ? If I am not too inquisitive — you are his nephew — you may know better than we — is there anyone in the family suffering —

J — No, not one ! At least as far as I know. All serious, decent people. Perhaps a few generations past—who can tell ?

S — One may resemble his great grandfather.

J — Poor Uncle Bill ! I've never been overnice to him. I am his only relative in the city, but I was never nice to him. And yet — he has left me his gold watch and chain.

F — Bill had a great heart.

J — (*seating himself at the table, and covering his face*) I was never nice to him—never ! I owe him a good deal of money too.

F — He was always generous.

J — What will mother say ? She may even blame it on me. May be she's right. If I had been good to him — who knows ?

F — That's what he needed, no doubt — some one of his own to love him.

(*Enter MARIE. She is a young woman of about 25-27. Rather pretty. She is dressed in black. Her eyes and nose are running. She keeps a handkerchief to her face. When she appears, the men look at one another. Something like the real cause seems to dawn upon them*).

M a r i e — Good morning.

All — Good morning.

F — Oh, it's Marie. I didn't recognize you.

S — Nor I.

M — I shouldn't wonder. I cried the whole morning. Where is he ?

(*F. and S. point to the middle door.*)

M — Dead ?

(*F and S nod*)

M — Can't we go in ?

F — It's not advisable.

S — Before the authorities come —

M — Shot himself ?

F — Probably.

M — What, don't you know ?

S — We haven't seen him yet.

M — Why don't you go in then? Maybe —maybe—he isn't dead —

(*She makes a movement to go in, but the men stop her*)

S — The complications possible in such a case —

F — Besides, what could you do, if he isn't quite dead ?

S — You might infect his wound.

M — I am so afraid of blood !

F — Or kill him by a wrong movement.

S — There you are.

M — What was the cause, do you know ?

S — Didn't he write to you ? Perhaps he told you what he didn't tell us ?

F — To a woman a man writes differently.

M — What he wrote to me doesn't seem to be probable at all. He says he is tired of living. That at thirty-five —

S — That's the same thing that he wrote to us.

F — And was there nothing more personal in the letter ?

M — Except that he leaves me the piano, knowing that I need it, and that Henry can't buy me one at present. The best friend in the world ! Any woman could have trusted him ! (*She catches sight of John, and asks mutely who he is*)

F — (*whispering*) Nephew —

M — Ah !

F — A worthless fellow — borrowed money from him and never returned it —

M — He looks decent.

F — Looks — you know —

(*John raises his head. Fred coughs. Marie wipes her nose.*)

M — (*walking over to the piano, and touching it gently as though it were already hers*) It's almost new. But I shall never have the heart to play on it.

S — On the contrary, you should. The dead are always with us. They want to be treated as though they were living.

F — Yes, of course — (*He stops short suddenly — because the door in the middle opens slowly. He is in a position not to see who opens it, and the others have their backs turned to it*)

F — (*shaking S*) Mmmmmmm-mmm

S — What's the trouble ?

F — Looooooooo —

(*By this time they have all turned their faces to the door : The door is now wide open.*)

WILLIAM DOONE appears. He is, as he has said in all his letters, a man of about thirty-five. Intelligent, average in size, facial traits etc. Just now he seems very tired. As if had not slept the whole night. He is dressed in night-robe. John has raised his head, and, noticing his uncle, remains with his mouth wide open. Marie utters a shriek. Sylvester grasps Fred by the arm, opens his mouth several times, without articulating any sound. William walks slowly to a chair, and drops into it)

F — (*walking over to W*) Where ? Where ? Where is the wound ?

(*W shakes his head*)

S — Did you — take — poison, Bill ?

W — Nothing.

F — What do you mean, nothing ?

M — Let me — let me — a woman has intuition — (*She touches his face, his chest, his hands*) Where is the wound, Bill ?

W — There is no wound.

F — Then it's poison —

W — Nothing.

F — How nothing ?

S — What do you mean — nothing ?

W — Nothing. I have not killed myself, as you see.

J — What do you mean, uncle ?

F — Haven't you written —

M — Bill !

W — I know — I sent out the letters in the evening. I planned to kill myself at night. That's why I wrote to you that when you'd get my letters, I'd be dead.

J — But —

F — And instead —

S — (*angrily*) It's a practical joke !

M — Bill !

F — It's the cheapest form of amusement.

W — It was not meant as a practical joke. I bought a revolver. I loaded it. I locked the door. I looked in the mirror, and laughed. In a hour, old boy, you'll be gone, I said to myself. I laughed. I wasn't afraid at all. I am not afraid of death. Only fools are afraid of death. I am afraid of life. I am afraid of old age. I am not afraid of death, do you understand ? I looked in the glass, and laughed. Believe me, old boy, I said, it's better to die now, when you can still look at yourself and not feel disgusted. I laughed. My revolver was on the dresser. A beautiful thing, I said, — a thing endowed with supernatural powers. It can do in one moment what God sometimes requires years to do in. Take for instance cancer or consumption. I caressed it. What a marvelous invention ! It spares you disease, old age, pain. Because there is no pain, if you aim right. There is no pain at all. Think of the terrible diseases that tear at the

human flesh ! But with this little machine — nothing — nothing — Only you must aim right. I walked around the room. I thought of many things. I thought of you. I thought how you'd be here this morning. I thought how sorry you'd be. I thought of many, many things. Of many people, dead and living. When I got tired walking, I took the revolver in my hand, and seated myself on the bed. One should die where one was born — in bed. My last bit of sentimentalism. Life is a circle, I thought. You begin with nothing and end with nothing. A perfect thing.

(William stops, rubs his face several times, then continues)

Well, I opened my mouth. I placed the mouth of the revolver against the roof. I thought the last kiss. I crooked my index-finger around the trigger. I thought one trifling gesture brings us into the world and another takes us out of it. It's all so simple-almost nothing.

(He stops)

My finger stiffened ! My hand became numb, like a paralytic's. The revolver fell on my lap. I laughed. It's the old, old instinct. The flesh rebels against the mind. I waited a while. I rubbed my hands. They had become cold as ice. It's strange how hands can become so cold on a summer's day ! I replaced the revolver into my mouth, and the index-finger around the trigger. Now ! I said. The mind is stronger than the flesh. Now ! *(He hides his face in his hand)* I could not pull ! My hand became paralyzed again. This irritated me. It's stupid ! I shouted. What right has a hand to disobey the head ? What is a hand but a slave, the paw of a monkey modified and improved upon ? I walked to the window, and stuck my head far out. A beautiful night ! Did you notice it ? So many stars ! Such a moon ! I laughed. Well, I am seeing once again the divine comedy. If I lived one thousand years, ten thousand, fifty thousand, the comedy would be the same. Stars and the moon ! It's funny ! Doesn't God ever get tired of the show ? Is he the never bored one ? I threw a kiss to the moon. It reminded me of my first love. We both used to throw kisses to the moon. I closed the window. Just as I did the last night my sweetheart and I were together. Strange how all things at last clasp themselves in circles ! Now that you have seen the divine comedy, and have re-lived the human comedy, I thought — now you will find it much easier to leave the theater. I was gay. I was not afraid. I was not morose. I did not regret anything. I felt as though having finished my day's labor, it was high time to go to bed. *(He sighs very deeply)* Well, for the third time I went through the same farce. Revolver in my mouth. Index-finger around the trigger — *(He strikes his leg with his flattened palm)* Impossible ! The whole night through I tried it. I placed the revolver against my chest — against my temples — impossible ! Even two or three times while you were here. Impossible ! *(shows his hand)* It seems in perfect health. It can lift fifty pounds,—but it cannot pull a tiny trigger ! Ridiculous !

(He remains silent for a long while)

F — If a person really wants to die, he can do it.

S — Easily.

M — All that talk proves simply that you are a coward.

F — A practical joke — a little farce you are trying to pull off —

S — It's self-evident.

M — I cried the whole morning ! For shame — to disturb people like that ! My eyes smart me so !

F — Jestng about sacred things —

S — At such a critical moment you might at least have thought of other things than laughing at God and Man — for that's what you've done.

M — How could you, Bill ! I am so disappointed in you !

(S and F walk up and down the room. Marie looks at the piano, wipes her nose and eyes).

F — *(Looking at his watch)* Who knows what business I have lost ?

S — It's always that way too. Whenever you stay away —

F — I never saw it to fail —

S — You could have written our letters and left them on the table. You should have seen first whether you had the courage to commit suicide —

F — That would have been a gentleman's act.

M — Henry will never believe me. He is so jealous ! It's one thing going to a dead man's house early in the morning, and another going to a living man's.

F — Don't worry, Marie. We'll explain.

S — And a poor nephew — who might have dropped dead for pain —

J — *(nodding)* I was half-dead when I came in—you saw it.

F — Naturally — A nephew is almost a son.

M — And I who thought I'd never have the heart to play the piano.

F — *(looking at his watch)* I am going.

S — So am I.

M — Will one of you gentlemen call a taxi for me ? I must look a sight, I am sure. I can't walk in this condition. I can hardly see. I have cried so much. I might even be run over.

(Marie walks first, followed by F and S — John lags behind).

W — *(calling)* John !
(John stops)

W — Wait a minute, please. I must talk to you.
(W rises, and takes J's hands in his)

W — I have been good to you, have I not ?

J — Of course, of course. I suppose you want your money back now —

W — What money ?

J — The money I owe you.

W — Don't be foolish. You're my nephew — my sister's son — just like my own —

J — I'll pay it back, don't be afraid.

W — Please stop !

J — I expect something good these days —

W — I am glad to hear that. Meanwhile, you need money, don't you ?

J — Oh, I can find it — I'll borrow —

W — Listen — I've promised you my gold watch —

J — Yes, and now, you'll naturally need it yourself.

W — I won't cheat you out of it. On the contrary, I want to give you more. I want to give you everything I own — money — furniture — clothing everything —

J — What do you mean ?

W — For a trifling favor on your part. A little thing. I've always been good to you. I am going to be better now. You should do something in return. A trifle — a moment's work. Promise me !

J — What is it ?

W — Promise — just that way — without knowing it — like a good friend — like a good nephew —

J — But —

W — Come on, — be a sport !

J — All right.

W — That's it ! That's a good boy ! Let me see your right hand. It's strong — it's young. It isn't a paralytic's —

J — What do you mean ?

W — You have promised me — one favor for a hundred — a second's work — nothing — nothing at all, you will see. Such a trifle ! You — pull — the trigger — see — like this — and your uncle shall be saved the humiliation of old age, disease — Don't be afraid — I'll not botch up the job — I don't want you to have any unnecessary trouble ! I'll write out a note, saying that I committed suicide — nobody will ever suspect — how could they ? A nephew ! I couldn't do as this of a stranger. Blood is thicker than water ! Just wait a moment here — I'll go in, and get paper, pen, and the beautiful little revolver — you'll see how easy it's going to be — just a moment — *(W enters the middle room. J takes his hat quickly, and disappears)*

(W returns, paper and fountain-pen, and his revolver)

W — Now, my boy — where is he ? John ! John ! *(He walks over to the open door, and shouts :)* John ! John ! *(He walks back, places pen, paper, and revolver upon the table, and falls into a chair. Then takes the revolver, and places it into his mouth. The revolver, however, falls into his lap. Then it drops to the floor. He covers his face with his hands. Two policemen appear at the door, followed by an old woman.*
THE CURTAIN FALLS).

Two Poems

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

SPIDER

Reincarnate the cosmos
on the gamut of a string,
you'll even lure the scientist
to wonder at the thing.

BUSYBODY

A critic coming to bury a poet,
'Don't waste your time', the latter retorted,
'The rest of your life you'll have all you can do
to find somebody to bury you.'

Rocks at Night

BY DAVID N. GROKOWSKY

Rocks are lonely on a sea flung space ;
Rocks are bleak against the sky
Where space is emptiness, and wide.
They seem to lie apart, away,
Unnoticed by a guiding warmth,
And bear alone the fear of time.

All the rushing wind blown foam
Are angers of a ceaseless toll
That bear against the brunt of night.
Rocks are restless in an angry void ;
Rocks are bound beneath the sky
In darkness reared of empty shrines.

On steepened roads of lonely mood
They trail some strange serene refrain
To end's conception, fleeting touched.
Rocks are ghosts of hardened song ;
Rocks are sighs to muted stares,
Heavy and consumed of earth's desire.

And as the moon that moves among
A world of petalled sparks,
In dreamy poise, is undefined,
Rocks are constant in their moving growth.
Rocks are worlds unknown to strife,
Touching vastness with the blink of awe.

And rocks can wait the sky to death,
And hear the low return
Of they who filter dreams to love,
And dream again their backward paths.
Rocks can hear their tread, and wait
The time their footsteps will have ceased.

Another Aspect of Ezra Pound

BY GORHAM B. MUNSON

Note: The following essay is a section from a chapter entitled Aspects of Ezra Pound to be included in a history of American letters from 1880 to the present. — G. B. M.

Has not the time for action upon the pact announced in *Lustra* arrived?

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman—
I have detested you long enough.
I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root—
Let there be commerce between us.

But it is a question whether Pound has sufficient stature to carve the new wood of Walt Whitman. Granted that Pound is an expert carver in whatever poetry he has written, still he has not handled stuffs of the dimensions of Whitman's poetry.

It happened that while I was re-reading the work of Pound for this essay, I fell upon *Readers and Writers* by A. R. Orage, who as editor of the *New Age* had printed important documents by Pound and to whom *Indiscretions* is dedicated. Orage in his brief notes has by no means defined the excellence of Pound, but he has indicated the *order* of that excellence and the order from which it is excluded. After considering my own conclusions I found that I cannot do better than use his insights as skeleton to flesh with remarks of my own.

"There does not appear to me," comments Orage, "to be anything very original in the creation of poetic images, or even in the employment of irregular metric; neither of them can be said to constitute a new departure in poetic technique." It is a matter of the degree of originality. Pound has not permitted the language to stiffen and contract on his hands: he has extended and varied the devices of the medium: this calls for very hard work, inventiveness, and even originality of perception. It is important service, and to perform it requires a remarkable sensibility—a particularly good ear—and an intellect. It requires the carefully refined instruments of a thinking and feeling personality. But it can dispense with what we call "spiritual vision", a knowledge of life that is wider and deeper than that of feeling and thought, a knowledge anterior to the processes of personality, the essentialized knowledge of the complete harmonious man. "If Dante," Pound exclaims, "had not done a deal more than borrow rhymes from Arnaut Daniel and theology from Aquinas he would not be published by Dent in the year of grace 1913." What Dante added was the spiritual vision, the higher originality. What Whitman gave was a freer prosody, of course, but more than that he conveyed a very extraordinary consciousness of man and the universe. Pound's admirers do not and cannot claim for him an original grasp of profound experience.

It is probably due to this failure to find a deep vital center that Pound has at times fallen victim to the doctrine of individuality. On this point, Orage believes that "unlike most of the other writers, neither Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Pound has any need to 'cultivate' an individuality, or to surround it with walls and moats of poses. Neither has any need whatever to appear clever in order to be clever. On the contrary, both of them have need to do exactly the reverse—namely, to cut their too exuberant individuality down to the quick, and to reveal their complexity by concealing it. "For," as Orage stated earlier, "both are robust—persons with excellent digestions, and with a great deal of substantial common sense." For myself, the doctrine of concealment—at least as it is generally practised—seems as artificial as the doctrine of inessential display. I am with Orage in so far as he means that a weak personality decks out in idiosyncrasies, while a strong personality strips off idiosyncrasies to purify and reveal its essential strength.

But here is the root-trouble, the reason why Pound has never moved beyond the problems of the medium to the larger problems of experience, the reason why he has been indulgent to his idiosyncrasies, the basic defect that confines him among the minor writers.

"Certain critical views of religion are stimulating. Nietzsche's, for example, or Huxley's, or W. K. Clifford's, or even Frazer's. You feel they come from minds serious enough to take religion seriously, and that they are expressive rather of impatience with the superficiality of current religion than of hostility to religion itself. Nietzsche and the rest, in fact were not critical of religion and Christianity because they were themselves indifferent to religion, but because they were too intensely concerned with the religious problem to accept the popular solutions. Mr. Pound, on the other hand, does not appear to me to be a serious thinker on the subject! He dismisses the current popular solution not only as if they were, as they mostly are, superficial and absurd, but as if the problems of conscience, the soul, sin, and of salvation, to which these solutions are trial replies, were non-existent of trivial. It is his indifference to the reality of the problems, and not criticism of the popular solutions, that keeps my mind at a distance from Mr. Pound's when he is writing on religion. He does not so much as even irritate me, he simply leaves me as indifferent to his opinions as he is himself."

We can easily illustrate this indifference from the poetry. In *Provenca* there is an eloquent poem entitled *Histrion*.

No man hath dared to write this thing as yet,
And yet I know, how that the souls of all men great
At times pass through us,
And we are melted into them, and are not
Save reflexions of their souls.

Thus am I Dante for a space and am
 One Francois Villon, ballad-lord and thief
 Or am such holy ones I may not write,
 Lest blasphemy be writ against my name;
 This for an instant and the flame is gone.

'T is as in midmost us there glows a sphere
 Translucent, molten gold, that is the "I"
 And into this some form projects itself:
 Christus, or John, or eke the Florentine;
 And as the clear space is not if a form's
 Imposed thereon,
 So cease we from all being for the time,
 And these, the Masters of the Soul, live on.

The thing to note is that the poem expresses a purely literary experience. It is not an instance of Pound's sense of realities responding to the sense of realities contained in great books. It is not an instance of the application of a literary experience to Pound's previous experience. It is simply subjugation to great writing. He is drawn into it, lives in it a while, comes out of it. That is all. The contact is external and inorganic. And Pound chooses a conceit as its poetic formula, thereby marking quite exactly the degree of significance of the experience.

From my point of view, another early poem, *Und Drang*, is of special documentary interest. It shifts about in philosophical and experiential speculation.

Confusion, clamour, 'mid the many voices
 Is there a meaning, a significance?

That life apart from all life gives and takes,
 This life, apart from all life's bitter and life's sweet,
 Is good.

It takes up the theme of love and in Dantesque fashion rises to almost mystical insight and beatitude.

Here am I come perforce my love of her,
 Behold mine adoration
 Maketh me clear, and there are powers in this
 Which, played on by the virtues of the soul,
 Break down the four-square walls of standing time.

* * *
 * * *

There is the subtler music, the clear light
 Where time burns back about th'eternal embers.

But the poet shakes these visions brusquely from him. They are fancies, moonshine and starshine perhaps, certainly if felt as realities, they are let go easily.

I suppose, when poetry comes down to facts,
 When our souls are returned to the gods
 and the spheres they belong in,
 Here in the every-day where our acts
 Rise up and judge us;

I suppose there are a few dozen verities

That no shift of mood can shake from us:

One place where we'd rather have tea
 (Thus far hath modernity brought us)
 "Tea" (Damn you!)

Have tea, damn the Caesars,
 Talk of the latest success, give wing to some scandal,
 Garble a name we detest, and for prejudice?
 Set loose the whole consummate pack
 to bay like Sir Roger de Coverley's
 This our reward for our works,
 sic crescit gloria mundi:
 Some circle of not more than three
 that we prefer to play up to.
 Some few whom we'd rather please
 than hear whole aegrum vulgus.
 Splitting its beery lowl
 a-meaowling our praises.

Some certain peculiar things,
 cari laresque, penates,
 Some certain accustomed forms,
 the absolute unimportant.

The conclusion of this flight and fall is:

I am set wide upon the world's ways
 To say that life is, some way, a gay thing.

The further conclusion is in the portrait of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* (1920).

His true Penelope was Flaubert,
 He fished by obstinate isles;
 Observed the elegance of Circe's hair
 Rather than the mottoes on sun dials.

* * *
 * * *

Then on an oar
 Read this:

"I was
 And I no more exist;
 Here drifted
 An hedonist."

I come to my last indebtedness to Orage. He observes that Aubrey Beardsley was an art-master, not a master of art. I think that Pound in this respect is a parallel to Beardsley. He is admirable for his esthetic sense: he would make an ideal head for an ideal Academy in which young writers would practice all forms of composition to perfect themselves in their craft before putting that craft at the service of their experience: yet Pound fails, as Orage says Beardsley fails, to "occupy the whole of one's mind." Pound captivates, but all the time there are important fractions of ourselves in protest. The masters of art, however, lift us to a state of contemplation in which all the senses and all the judgments are in accord and are suspended.



EXCURSIONS



There is always one spot the Rambler skirts ; but sometimes the wind shifts and sends The Rambler into this undecidable port : nationality. The Rambler is a kindly gentleman who believes in reciprocity, whether in the more immediate concern of the tariff or in the more nebulous distance of art. Mr. Albert Mordell, sojourning in these pages this month, elsewhere decries just this most precious sentiment of The Rambler. Writing in *The Menorah Journal*, Mr. Mordell laments the Jewish artist's neglect of his opportunities "... the Jewish writer ... must be steeped in Jewish life, character, and manners, and imbibe something of the moral feeling and spiritual experience of his race." So he completes his thesis; he opens thus : "... you observe such singular phenomena as a critic of Jewish birth raging over the beauties of Negro jazz music ... a Semitic novelist dwelling on the beautiful morality involved in seduction, or adultery ... You are puzzled."

But The Rambler is not. An artist responds to that in his environment which is compatible with his fibre or which gives his fibre meaning and his thoughts direction. His environment is reciprocal or he must disregard it, leave it or be destroyed by it. If Mr. Seldes is destroyed by his American environment (and The Rambler cannot see that he is), it is because he is unfit for it; it is a borrowed setting. There have been classicists who tried to embrace modernism and were swallowed by it, they 'didn't belong.' It is just this : the Jewish artist may be, despite his heritage, more closely allied in his comprehensive and total pattern to the decadence of Mallarmé than to the "righteousness and justice ... that one finds in the Bible". My experiences may be less Jewish than American, less American than cosmopolitan ; my Jewish art-consciousness may be paler than my cognizance of the manifestations of Walt Whitman or Apollinaire. I may even create an environment that is not patently of my immediate locale, through some indiscernible but motivating peculiarity, even volatile and vanishing. Of course, there may be the case of a Jewish artist deliberately withdrawing from his salutary environment of Jewishness and destroying himself thereby. But the danger of accepting Mr. Mordell's "Get thee to Jewry, Jew" is that it may despatch to equally foreign and incompatible territory the Jewish artist not deeply Jewish. And no greater tragedy than that.

Abraham Cahan wrote "The Rise of David Levinsky" because that was the story of the interplay between his fabric and his reciprocal environment or experience.

Why does Mr. Mordell, Jew, write on Howells, Dante, Hearn ? Because, let us hope, they call forth in him intellectual response or invitation. "You may reply," Mr. Mordell says, "that foreign literatures have often been best interpreted by Jews from Georg Brandes to Isaac Goldberg ... But these are exceptions." Yet Mr. Mordell's lamentation seems to arise from his belief that it is too sadly the rule. Or am I to take it that Waldo Frank is not so good an interpreter as Isaac Goldberg ? Oh, I see, Mr. Waldo Frank is artificial ; he is not genuine. Yet would Mr. Mordell argue that Frank does not frequently reveal his origins ? Perhaps Waldo Frank did make a somewhat ill-advised journey into Niggertown ; but when we understand his motives as esthetic, we realize the whither of his journey as immaterial. We must believe from all evidences that Waldo Frank has not borrowed alien concepts for his undoing. He may not yet be entirely alert to his devices, but he is spiritually alert to his needs. His unanimism is his pattern. It would be a most interesting venture to estimate to what degree this mysticism has its initiation in Jewish philosophy, the One of Jewish theology. But I think Mr. Frank's Jewishness need not have been even as present in his revelations as it is. One's Jewishness is not necessarily something to be mutated deliberately into art-matter ; it may best serve where it is least patent to its owner. James Oppenheim's heavily worn Jewishness does not make his poetry the happier ; nor does Israel Zangwill's Jewish star light his way to nobler art. Yet I do not say, "Jew, avoid the call if it call !" Some of us are elastic to Jewish demands. Very well. Others less elastic, reveal less Jew. Very well again. Let the artist choose his reciprocal environment, from which he draws his matter and his means.

Florence Kiper Frank, the poetess, once said : "The Jew as Jewish artist is a myth." The Rambler is somewhat gentler.

THE RAMBLER.



Book Reviews

IN THE CLASSICAL TRADITION

CHILLS AND FEVER. By John Crowe Ransom. New York : Alfred A. Knopf. 1924, \$1.50

It was remarked of old and has been repeated anew that the business of poets is indicated in the gerund Seeing. But particular ages subjugate abstract saws to particular needs. The 19th Century, strangely preferring Latinity, got Vision out of Seeing and produced, for example, Tennyson: Tennyson until recently has been misjudged; he saw marvellous things; a morality that impoverished the spirit, but he of course made up for it by seeing "the heavens full with commerce, argosies of magic sails", that were spread in the interest of a materialistic Romanticism then long under way and lately brought to its lugubrious profits in the War. There is another way of seeing — things as they are, the Classical way. Mr. Ransom's poems are essentially in the Classical tradition, compromised here and there by certain impurities.

Some obvious characters to be thought of in the presence of Classical art are precision, objectivity, humility, restraint; in other words, the repudiation of a rhetorical Infinite in which the megalomania of man rhetorically participates. Mr. Ransom's *Weltanschauung* may be described this way. And a typical quotation from the present volume reveals an essence nearer to that of H. D. or Carmen CI of Catullus than to the poems of the cerebral Romantic John Donne whom he doubtless resembles superficially — that is, in diction, in unexpected contexts for old words.

I have a grief
(It was not stolen like a thief),
Albeit I have no bittern by the lake
To cry it up and down the brake.

I will be brief,
Assuredly I have a grief
And I am shaken; but not as a leaf.

When Mr. Ransom's first book came out in 1919, "Poems About God", somebody reviewing it spoke of a growing "cult of brutality" (the cult hasn't been heard of since). The point exploited the cleverness of American criticism: cleverness gets at differences but not distinctions. Mr. Ransom's work was different, in a certain department — cult, if you will have it so — of Modernism, because it didn't have aesthetic hysteria over every roadside buttercup. Its efficiencies lay in what the pedantry of reviewers names slovenly technique;

but in what sense was it slovenly? Mr. Ransom's present "technique" is imperfect, occasionally jagged; there are loose ends and often a deplorable inaccuracy and mixture of diction (see lines 7 and 8 of "Fall of Leaf"). Now, as in 1919, John Crowe Ransom is a poet orientating his perception of the field of the Immediate — not the *petite sensation*, but under the conviction that the proper study of man is man, classically proper; but he is encumbered with the properties of an outworn and, for his purposes, irrelevant Romantic tradition. The thoroughgoing Classicist in contemporary American verse is William Carles Williams: precision, objectivity, restraint, etc. And it is safe to say that Mr. Ransom, in fundamental intention, is closer to Williams than he is to most of the poets who write, as Ransom does, in "rhyme and metre". But Classicism in Anglo-American criticism means the part of Alexander Pope which is the trees, forgetting the true woods of Classicism altogether. Mr. Ransom's impurities are not to be impeached through an approach to his technical equipment; it must be said that he fails of his complete intention in missing the precision that would make his Classical spirit aesthetically significant. Take this:

"Dick, they found the ending good,
The Babes who ventured in the wood.
So tell the leaves that die and fall,
As we lie a-shiver,
Stop and stitch us one close pall
To hide us deep forever."

This is entirely Romantic vocabulary and is a rather trivial symbolism, excessive and blurred, for a spirit that elsewhere has only a few leanings with a Romantic Baudelaire toward Mystery — *l'expansion des choses infinies*. The same subject-matter gets better treatment in another poem, "Spectral Lovers." Mr. Ransom is in a pleasant middle marsh on his way from the thicket to clean meadow.

Yet there is no other verse in America just like John Crowe Ransom's. If one put aside the attempt to relate his work categorically to one of the two main streams of literature — an attempt slightly out-of-date but perhaps still serviceable — it is easily distinguished for subtlety of wit, ranging from a seemingly naive irony to impatient satire, and for a personal idiom flexible enough to carry these qualities to a variety of effects, often brilliant and always individual. There is a deftly casual neatness and surprise of rhythm in poems like "Here Lies a Lady" and "Bells for "John Whiteside's Daughter." "Armageddon" and "Judith of Bethulia" are rich patterns of poetic texture, largely effective through a new management of echo and half rhyme. The only obvious mistakes in the book are a few poems that tend to a harsh, indecisive lyricism: an impurity I have already tried to define.

Altogether, "Chills and Fever" evinces a mind detached from the American scene and mostly nurtured from England, indifferent to the current mania of critics for writers who "express America." If it articulates no deep essentiality of experience, it is a lucid commentary, whose properties aren't very detectable critically, on the shifting surfaces of experience. And it points, throughout, to a performance, more fundamental in vision and purer in method, yet to come.

Allen Tate

KULTUR KU KLUX KLAN

Culture and Democracy in The United States: Studies in the Group Psychology of the American Peoples

By Horace M. Kallen

New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

Once more the seemingly ephemeral in letters has become longevous. Essays which have been printed in one periodical or another may assume a new and a different value when collected and formed into a volume.

The result of such an act is the volume "Culture and Democracy in The United States", by Horace M. Kallen, comprising seven essays, all but one or two of which have seen the light, at one time or another. It is a felicitous accomplishment, as the volume is a highly valuable addition to American letters.

The seven essays, although unified and tied together with one title, are nevertheless separate pieces. The reader is bound to notice this as soon as he opens the volume. He finds the first essay, a sort of introductory, discussing culture and the Ku Klux Klan, followed by essays on "The Meaning of Americanism", "Democracy versus the Melting Pot" and finally one on "Americanization". From Ku Klux Klan, real culture versus Saturday-Evening-Post culture, from the meaning of Democracy and Americanism we come upon essays dealing with William James, Royce and Santayana, and Humanism.

And yet after a perusal of the book the reader finds no discrepancy between the contents of the book and the title, for he learns that Mr. Kallen is an ardent exponent of pluralism in culture, a staunch believer in "Manyness in Oneness", in "One out of Many" as his conception of cultural harmony.

Mr. Kallen assails, most fearlessly, any attempt on the part of our political wizards, cultural apostles and social guardians to force "Americanization" upon the diverse groups and peoples that make up this great country of ours. Not only does he decry the necessity but he also discounts the possibility of finding the suitable cultural garb named "Americanization" for all the different nationalities that make up our population. He disclaims the need and possibility of creating a Melting Pot out of the multifarious and manifold civilization which is ours.

An enemy of blind following, conformity, sameness, unison in this country he pleads for individuality, harmony, variety and differentiation. This does not, however, imply that the United States is necessarily bound to assume the nature and character of a chorus of many voices each chanting his own false tunes, but rather that of a symphony orchestra, the different natural instruments of which are to be the various ethnic groups, each one playing its theme and melody in accordance with its own temper and culture, but "with this difference: a musical symphony is written before it is played, in the symphony of civilization the playing is the writing, so that there is nothing so fixed and inevitable about its progressions as in music, so that within the limits set by nature and luck they may vary at will, and the range and the harmonies may become wider and richer and more beautiful — or the reverse."

This in the main is the keynote of the first three-four essays, the cornerstone of his cultural structure. To sustain the innumerable arguments, theories, contentions, premises and conclusions, with which the book is replete, Mr. Kallen calls to his aid an array of keen observations as well as a host of facts from history, economics, race-social and human psychology, anthropology, sociology, biology etc. etc., all marshalled forth with a scientific method of approach, in as objective, disinterested, impartial a spirit as possible.

When the author hurls his bitter invectives against the various forces that operate in this country for a type of culture and civilization which he feels would "eventuate in a philosophy of Kultur"; when he speaks of the Klan "born of a degraded emotion" disseminating in this country (or shall we say infesting it with) "Kukluxitis"; when he arraigns most caustically the different so called "Americanizing" influences and agencies, seeking to inveigle millions into conformity (which is nothing more nor less than cultural concession and spiritual submission); when he exclaims "fortunately such spirit has never existed unopposed" — any broadminded and fair-thinking reader cannot but concede that the volume of essays is a precious and essential contribution to the needs of our time. At a time when this country is overridden with hysterical saviours of all sorts, with Nordics and Fordics, a breath of hopefulness and encouragement, as it descends from this book, is like a cooling, refreshing breeze on a sultry, stifling day. Fearless in tone, firm in his stand, hopeful in outlook, the author is bound to make the necessary appeal to readers and students of contemporary social problems. Mr. Kallen is no less forceful when he leaves the sphere of analysis and logic and sounds a note of warning — "The alternative before Americanism is Kultur Ku Klux Klan or Cultural Pluralism upon which Cultural growth is founded. Cultural Pluralism is possible only in a democratic society whose institutions encourage individuality in groups and in persons, in temperaments whose program liberates these individualities and guides them into a fellowship of freedom and cooperation."

Before long the United States will celebrate the sesquicentennial of this Democratic Republic. One hundred and fifty years of Democracy! But in reality what do we find? Not Mr. Kallen's conception of democracy—"freedom of association of the people, among the people and with the people",

no, not that, what actually exists is intolerance, artificial social stratification, bigotry, hounding down of foreigners, suspicion, bitter enmity towards aliens, closed gates, discrimination — a democracy whose "illustrious champions" go off into hair splitting babble about superior races, desirable stock — the diametrical opposite of the Declaration made by the Franklins and Jeffersons, that "all men are born free and equal."

There is a continuous cry from many mountain tops against the so called Babel of Cultures, the confusion of tongues in this country, and yet the alarmists may be reminded of the fact that in colonial days, too, there were such social phenomena as distinct ethnic groups, many tongues, diversification of interests. There were the Dutch, the Germans, the British, the Jews, the French, and yet it in no way interfered with their putting up a united front against British domination.

"Americanization" in the real cultural sense is perhaps conceivable, if at all, in the case of the third or fourth generation of immigrants. Unless it be merely external, on the surface. But culture in the true comprehensive meaning of the term is no mere external cloak, no mere superficial decoration which an individual or a group may strive to attain. No, it is more substantial, it is internal, it is deep-seated. It is inherent in the nature of a people, group or individual — rarely acquired. It is the result of a people's or group's long contact, of struggling and enjoying together. It is as much distinctly their own as are their physical characteristics, their temperament, their natural propensities. Compelling the foreigner to use the English Language as his sole medium of expression, forcing him (thru legislation, as has been time and again advocated) to give up the newspaper printed in his mother tongue, making it obligatory on his part to attend night school and study American Literature and American History — even then the process of Americanization is bound to prove fruitless. It may only aggravate matters, it may only be taken that our conception of democracy is a false one, that our understanding of human nature and race psychology is exceedingly meager. Mr. Kallen is even inclined to believe that forcible "Americanization" might have the tendency to consolidate and unite the groups, "to bring about a sort of ethno-cultural integration."

The book is not without faults. Repetition, redundancy, tautology here and there; occasionally a weak argument or a conclusion which does not necessarily follow. In the main, however, it may be regarded as a first rate book of its kind. The author is on solid ground, his mind open and his vision broad. He not only gives us a masterful analysis of the present, but he also, most illuminatingly, unfolds our past and even favors us with a glimpse into the future. His arguments and deductions, though frequently too architectonic, are lucid and well grounded. The general tenor of the work bespeaks a truthfulness and sincerity that establish at once the necessary sympathetic relationship between the author and his reader, a relationship which lingers on long after the eyes are off the last line.

Abe Grosner.

"AN EXQUISITE PESSIMIST"

OUR DEAD SELVES, an Anthology of the Lowly, by Paul Eldridge, New York: Boullion-Biggs \$1.50.

Paul Eldridge is an artist who cherishes his words and seeks always the precise gesture. His art is cleanly, an esoteric art, poising abstractions that as quickly sum up an evidence of life as any concrete picture — an art as little wasteful as that of Logan Pearsall Smith. In *Our Dead Selves*, Anthology of the Lowly, we are easily the vanities inflated to cockerel and ass; a delectable sequence of ironies that stand life's discrepancies on thin little blades of grass; a seizure from our cosmic foibles that is well-mannered and decisive; almost a summary of the vanities. One is startled, that after all these years, words have new meanings. But Eldridge is semantic and common words have content eluctable to others that he discerns and captures.

Paul Eldridge has seen the pattern of things in its entirety, but the threads have not escaped him. Their multitudinous variety is the variety within the unit-pattern Vanity. And what is Vanity? Despair? No. Emptiness? No. The ultimate reduction to the mudbottoms.

"Life is mud", says the desperate pessimist, "isn't it terrible that flowers must grow in mud?"

"Isn't it wonderful," the optimist replies, "that mud can yield flowers?"

Paul Eldridge would say: "Life is the great artist, the master-ironist. We are the little fools who call him generous or ungenerous; he is playful. This is the business of the artist: to detect the conceits of life and expose his gestures."

The pessimism of Paul Eldridge is robust, his manner light-fingered; he strikes at values deftly and tumbles them down to set them up again in some relation to totality. Once I thought Paul Eldridge procustean. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks in *The Reviewer's Note-Book* (*The Freeman*) once spoke of Eldridge wearing his pessimism like an opera-cape, because it looked well. Such criticism ends with the detection of the cape. I wrote an unforwarded and unpublished note: "When one establishes for himself a non-vacillating perspective, an unchanging, rigid standpoint, and a definite, permanent pattern, he is more than likely to cut his every thought and creation to that pattern . . . This (in a work of art) makes the matter (which is inadequate or unsuitable to the dogma) stand out as alien to the dogma. So that the dogma seems external to, rather than part of the entire."

But my fears have abated. Mr. Eldridge has learned what commodities are congruous to his chosen realm, and allowed the others to pass elsewhere, not, however, without tasting of them. His art has mellowed, his mischief has been spun fine.

Some faults still persist. Occasionally he mistakes theme for content, attempting to concentrate the universe into a phrase; he does not avoid metaphors in appositive construction; he still tags on a closing query or epigram where it is

not needed. Now and then a trite parallel is drawn: the moth is burnt, but it was worth it, to have spent even a moment with beauty. Is the flame always beauty? This is one place where Eldridge has cut the wrong cloth. I am sure he finds nothing ironical (therefore nothing heroic or beautiful) in the giddy moth who doesn't know what to avoid.

These conclusions of Eldridge, these aphorisms, epigrams, footnotes, arise from the contemplation of the ways of individuals whose lives are for prose studies (*And the Sphinx Spoke*); and who *in toto* comprise the planet and cosmos, the proper concern of these crisp lyrics.

A last word. John McClure in his introduction, speaks of Eldridge's verse as not sensuous. Perhaps not luxuriantly so, but certainly so in the more exquisite sense. Often the lines (in the longer, but still short, poems) are supple, advancing from a tenuous tail . . . becoming languorous . . . suspensive, moving stealthily, poised at the head for sudden attack . . . a stab and it is over.

Harry Alan Potamkin.

A MAN WITH A VIEW

A PASSAGE TO INDIA. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Forster's sensibilities are fine. His writing is always writing and intelligent thinking; its style is delicate, restrained, well-chiseled, and tuned to the subject; its thoughts are clear, concise, and full of that deep comprehension of the misunderstandings of individuals and races which is so rare. Mr. Forster is particularly concerned with the Englishman and the Indian in India, where the English hold the whip and the Indians must salaam. He does not propagandise; he does what Chehov advised all writers to do: treat his subject objectively and let the readers, not the author, act as the jury. We, as a part of the jury, find that complete understanding between two races of such absolutely different culture, tradition, and modes of life is, at least for the present and the immediate future, completely impossible.

Mr. Forster's sensibilities are fine. His writing is always alive to the niceties of the ear, the eye and the pen. Always he uses the right word, the right phrase. He never accepts the course of least resistance. Nor does he once lose his sense of humor or his sense of values. He presents his characters and their problems as they appear:—humorous, tragic, pitiful, and sometimes happy. By their very humanity, they are all sympathetic and loveable. They live and often suffer, but their suffering is always relative to the world in which they live.

Mr. Forster has proven himself a master of the English language as well as a man of broad tolerance and deep humanity.

Madelin Leaf.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

BALISAND. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

"Balisand" is a novel of early America, of the time of Washington and Jefferson, of Whigs and Tories. Joseph Hergesheimer's reason for laying his tale in the long ago emanated from his desire to write of a gentleman, a member of a species since then fast becoming obsolescent. Now that we have read "Balisand", we understand why Joseph Hergesheimer thinks gentlemen have disappeared. Richard Bale's chief characteristic seems to have been his avidity for duels. Otherwise, his traits are not at all peculiar to his time—he is lazy, a gambler, a drinker, a strong believer in family prestige, and a man governed all his life by the memory of one love affair. Richard Bale lives in "Balisand" in spite of all the useless pages of political discussion which attempt to drown him and his interests.

Mr. Hergesheimer is an expert, as Dr. Stuart Sherman so wisely said, in the realms of exoticism and passionate idealism. When he writes of American and British politics, he is dull. When he writes of Richard Bale, of Lavinia, of Lucia, of Gawin Todd, he is monarch of all he attempts. The first part of "Balisand"—the story of Richard and Lavinia—is a splendid short story, beautifully written. There for us the book could have ended.

M. L.

THE JANITOR'S BOY AND OTHER POEMS, by *Nathalia Crane*, New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50.
THE MIDDLE TWENTIES, by *John Farrar*, New York: George H. Doran Co., \$1.50.

There is a striking similarity between these two books: the authors are both of the Younger Generation, New Yorkers—and the books sell at the same price. But these are similarities of kind; they differ in degree. Nathalia, age 10, is evidently older than Mr. Farrar of the Middle Twenties. In fact, Miss Crane somewhat discomforts a sober reader, she ought either be spanked or made to stop reading. The sophistication of "The Vestal" is embarrassing; it might have been Elinor Wylie. "The Janitor's Boy" belongs to the realm of childhood, although any adult rimester might have written it. A. T. said: "These poems seem to have been written by a good poet in a hurry." J. T. S. suggested: "Stephen Benet is suspected." "Or by Stephen Benet not in a hurry." And Mr. Farrar's poems could have been written by 10-year old Nathalia in a hurry.

THE DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER. By Struthers Burt, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

Struthers Burt is not a stylist, but he writes neatly and spontaneously, in a manner that makes his book run like easy talk. His relaxed style takes color from his subjects: the out-of-doors, animals, the men of the West.

Mr. Burt is an optimist. He has a bitter chapter or two on conservation, but for the most he always looks on life's rosy side. Often this habit lands him in sentimentalism and rather inane generalities.

The biographical bits in the first nine chapters are entirely free from egotism and self-emphasis. The rest of the book is full of the glow of the west, the terrible, unforgettable beauty of its mountains, and the consciousness of something greater than self. "The remembrance of beauty, the beauty of a thing, or of personal relationships, or of a country, has always seemed to me perhaps the chief end of life," writes Mr. Burt.

Conveying as it does the vivid spirit of the country, and containing many delicious anecdotes, *The Diary of a Dude Wrangler* should delight confined city-dwellers who long for the out-doors.

GEORGIAN STORIES. New York: G. C. Putman's Sons. \$2.00.

If one swallow makes a summer, "Georgian Stories" is a worthy collection. Aldous Huxley's "The Gioconda Smile", which appeared in "Mortal Coils", is the only story of genuine merit in the volume. It is told with the subtle characterisation and the cynical philosophy of which Mr. Huxley is master.

As for the other stories, they are mediocre, coming from the facile but not exceptional pens of men like Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Bramah.

SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

This English-Italian historical romancer has created out of purple doublet, yellow hose, and skilful duels a swift tragi-comedy adorned with chivalrous gestures and picturesquely ornate repartee.

THE TATTOOED COUNTESS. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The delightful moods and the happy sophistications of "The Blind Bow Boy" disappear in "The Tattooed Countess" under a mass of unassimilated material concerning the middle West and European cosmopolitanism. Here and there a pleasant Van Vechtenism crops up, but the pleasantest of all is the title.

WOODSMOKE, By Francis Brett Young, New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

No character in "Woodsmoke" is achieved with anything more than a fine craftsmanship; no situation or scene bears the stamp of more than considerable talent. Still the melodramatic material is rich, the style fluent and facile, and the machinery of technique well-concealed. You may not be convinced; you will certainly be absorbed.

M. B.

THE WIDOW'S HOUSE. By Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

The prose of Kathleen Coyle is imaginative, unrestrained, and somewhat erratic. Its images come tumbling in upon one another in such a fashion that their meanings are often driven to emulate them. The author often sacrifices sense, only to achieve the obvious.

The story of "The Widow's House" is meager in detail, but real enough in significance. Conviction is here, and an intense sincerity which has its value. There are many bits of startling truths, keen revelations, but the greater part is too full of hectic writing. The really good passages, and there are many, find themselves obscured too often, under irrelevant reactions and unnecessary climaxes.

IN PHILADELPHIA



We hope to write about the lively local life of Philadelphia meaning its lively arts. We borrow Gilbert Seldes' apt title, but under it we include all art that makes life liveable. It is our desire to show all non-Philadelphians, and all Philadelphians who do not believe in their town, that the Quaker City is in reality abundant with the seven arts.



Dr. Leopold Stokowski, at the first children's concert, one of a series which is as lively as any ever heard in Carnegie Hall, Gotham—was telling the story of Prince Igor. Said he: "The Prince's son came to a far country and there he met a beautiful girl, the Khan's daughter. And what do you think happened? Guess!" Immediately an adolescent male voice from the gallery yelled, "He married her." "No," Dr. Stokowski replied, "Even in Philadelphia we're not so quick as that!"

The leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra there expressed the spirit of our town. We're not so quick that we startle the world into open astonishment, but we are quick enough to do what the prince's son and the lovely lady really did—fall in love.

And Philadelphia has literally fallen in love with its orchestra. Already there have been four pairs of concerts by this incomparable assembly: featuring the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, Brahms, Stravinsky, Mozart and others. Under the skilled baton of the blonde conductor, the orchestra performs as superbly as ever.



Those who do not wend their way to the Academy of Music on Friday afternoons or Saturday nights can enjoy the music of the Philadelphia Philharmonic on six Sundays during the year under Dr. Leopold Stokowski, Richard Hageman,

and Fritz Reiner; or can attend the concert series of the New York Symphony, bringing for its first performance in November the much-heralded Tito Schipa; or, if they are lucky enough to belong to the Forum, have the privilege of hearing the Boston Symphony under the baton of the Russian Sergei Koussewitzky, who, a month ago, arrived with a retinue of eight persons and an extraordinary genius for compiling programs of modern music.



The Curtis Musical Institute, under the management of John Grolle, promises to have a superfine faculty. What with the names of Carl Flesch in the violin department, Mme. Sembrich in the vocal, and Joseph Hoffman in the piano, students of music from far distances are sure to flock to Philadelphia. We have named only the three foremost in three departments. There are numbers of other stars. The great composition teacher, Scalero, will have his own classes, and Dr. Stokowski will give ensemble lectures.



Musical stars will also gather around the corner from the Curtis School at the Zeckwer-Hahn Conservatory, where Leopold Auer, violin teacher of most of the world's best virtuosos today, and Leo Ornstein, composer and pianist extraordinaire, will instruct in their respective instruments. Mrs. Leo Ornstein (Pauline Mallet-Prevost) will conduct intimate classes for the study of modern music.



Last year was the first season of the Friends of Chamber Music Society. They were received with so much favor by the press and the public that this winter they are announcing their second series of five concerts at the Century Drawing Rooms.



Theatrically, we are a bit weaker than musically. This fall we seem to be sipping the left-overs of 1923-1924 Broadway productions. We have been lucky enough to get FATA MORGANA and SAINT JOAN, and we are promised a host of other New York successes.

The Hedgerow Players expect to come into the city very soon. They have been filling their little theatre out in Rose Valley to capacity, and if you have not had the opportunity of going out to their workshop you will be able to see them in town in their repertory, which includes such plays as MARCH HARES, MISALLIANCE, MR. PIM PASSES BY, THE ARTIST, and INHERITORS. Ann Harding, New York's star in TARNISH, is with them for the winter.

The Hedgerow Theatre is the inspiration of Jasper Deeter, formerly with the Povincetown Theatre in New York. He is now rehearsing Andreyev's KING HUNGER, and in conjunction with the Cherry Lane Play House expects to present the play in New York. It will be its premiere in America. Mr. Deeter will bring KING HUNGER to Philadelphia.

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On the Jewish stage there is rivalry this year, what with two theatres in the city. In one we have Maurice Schwartz's production of SHABBATEI ZEBI, and in the other Andreyev's THE SEVEN THAT WERE HANGED. Mr. Schwartz is expected to act in November, and Mae Simon, a young actress recently associated with the Schildkrauts, may give a few Ibsen plays.

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The Department of Music of Bryn Mawr College announces a series of four concerts given in Taylor Hall. The first concert, a Bach program by the English pianist, Harold Samuel, was given on Monday evening, October 20th, 1924. Other concerts will follow:

The Lenox String Quartet and Horace Alwyne, pianist, on December 8, 1924.

Pianoforte and Vocal Recital by Horace Alwyne, pianist, and Boris Saslawski, baritone, on February 16, 1925.

The last concert will include modern compositions for combinations of string and wind instruments and voice. The vocalist will be Baron Hesse von Schencheney. The other

artists will be announced later. This concert will be given on March 16, 1925.

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Just as we go to press, there comes an announcement that the Seven Arts Club is going to provide Philadelphia with seven lively Sunday evenings at the Walnut Street Theatre. They promise to be of interest to all of Philadelphia's intellectuals, for on the programs are such speakers as Heywood Broun, Theodore Dreiser, Alfred Steiglitz, and Zoe Akins, and such entertainers as The Hedgerow Players, Riva Hoffman's dancers, and the Friends of Chamber Music Society.

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We have not exhausted the seven arts as they are practiced in Philadelphia. We wanted merely to give you the idea that this town is not slumbering nor even napping. What we have in art and letters we will show you in the GUARDIAN.

